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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

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The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

IN relating the story of the Buddha's discourse concerning penitential self-mortification, its fruit and its danger, reference was made to a period in the West when like penitential practices were intensively followed, the period of the monastic communities and the great solitaries in the Egyptian desert. It may be worth while to show the likeness of these self-mortifying exercises in the Egypt of the fourth century of our era to those of the Ganges valley in the Buddha's day, and in particular that the fruits and dangers were the same in these two sacred lands.

In that forceful and detailed record of the Egyptian solitaries which is called *The Paradise of the Fathers*, the author records an experience which he personally noted. There was a certain man in Scete, he says, whose name was Stephana, who had dwelt in the desert for twenty-nine years; his apparel was made of palm leaves, and he lived in such a strict self-denial, and persisted to such a degree in ascetic abstinence, that he never had the least inclination for the meats which are usually desired, and which are pleasant to the taste; and he greatly condemned those who, because of sickness, either ate cooked food or drank cream. Now the gift of healing had been given to him to such a degree that he could cast out devils by a word. And it came to pass that on one occasion a man in whom was an unclean spirit came to Scete, and wished to be healed, and when the monk saw that he was sorely vexed by the devil he made a prayer and healed him. So much for the fruit of abstinence and self-discipline.

But there was danger also. For, says the narrator, this monk was rejected by Divine Providence because of his immeasurable arrogance and haughtiness, for he imagined himself to be more excellent in his life and works than the other fathers. First of all, he separated himself from the brotherhood, and then he went and became archimandrite in one of the monasteries of Alexandria, "For," he said in his pride, "am I to be in subjection to Macarius?

Are not my life and works better than his?" And this man arrived at such a state of madness that he went to the city, and gave himself up to gluttony, and drunkenness, and to the eating of more flesh than rational beings are wont to eat, and finally he fell and settled down into the pit of unclean living. He gratified his unclean desires without shame, and became a laughing-stock to all who knew him. But he excused himself, saying, "The law was not made for the perfect." The narrator goes on to say that strong efforts were made to redeem this man and bring him to repentance. But he remained arrogant and obdurate, and came to a miserable death.

The Buddha spoke also of self-mortifying ascetics who sought praise of men and thereby forfeited the fruit of discipline. The same Macarius already mentioned is recorded as saying, "I hate the love of praise of young men who toil, and who lose their reward because they expect the adulation of the children of men." Then, we are told, another well-known ancient said to Macarius, "And it is not greatly acceptable unto me, but it is better that they should work for praise rather than that they should despise it, for it always constraineth those who love praise to lead lives of abstinence, and to keep vigil, and to live in nakedness for the sake of vainglory, and to bear afflictions for the sake of praise." Then after these things the Grace of God came to them and spake, saying, "Wherefore do ye not toil for My sake? And why do ye toil for the sake of the children of men?" And they were convinced that they must not expect the praise of men but that of God.

We shall see in what terms the Buddha brings out the same antithesis. It will be remembered that, in the discourse between the Master and the Brahman Banyan, the Brahman had expressed the conviction that self-mortification which is purged of all self-seeking and vanity has reached the summit, has penetrated to the inmost core. But the Master replied that self-mortification, even though it be thus purged, has only touched the outermost bark. Self-mortification, in the Buddha's view, was not an end but a means. The problem to be considered now is, to what end is it a means? What is the true purpose of self-mortification? What corresponds in the Buddha's teaching to "the praise of God"?

Banyan logically asks, "In what way, Sire, does self-mortification reach the summit and penetrate to the core?" Then he shows that he is more than a skilful reasoner, that he is a practical disciple; for he continues, "It would be a happy thing for me, if the Master should bring my self-mortification to the summit, and should make it penetrate to the core!"

The Master replied, "A self-mortifying ascetic, here in the world, is restrained by the restraint of the fourfold watch. In what way, Banyan, is a self-mortifying ascetic restrained by the restraint of the fourfold watch? First, Banyan, such an ascetic injures no life, causes no life to be injured, nor approves of the injuring of any life; second, he takes not what is not given, nor causes what is not given to be taken, nor approves of the taking of what is not given; third, he speaks not falsely, nor causes anything to be spoken falsely, nor approves of any false speech; fourth, he longs for no self-satisfaction,

nor causes anyone to long for self-satisfaction, nor approves of any longing for self-satisfaction. In this way, Banyan, an ascetic is restrained by the restraint of the fourfold watch. When, Banyan, the ascetic is thus restrained, such an ascetic goes forward, he turns not back to lower things. He seeks out for himself a place of meditation, in the forest, at the root of some great tree, among the mountains, in a glen or a cavern in the mountains, or even in a place for the burning of bodies, or a dwelling in the woods, or simply a heap of straw in a clearing. Then, after he has gone forth to receive alms of rice in his bowl, and has eaten what has been freely given, returning to his retreat, he takes his seat in the position of meditation, holding his body upright, with heart and mind intent on recollection. Ridding himself of covetous desire for the things of the world, he dwells with heart free from covetous desire, he purifies his thoughts of covetous desire; ridding himself of the sin of malevolence, he dwells with heart free from malevolence, seeking the welfare of all living beings, he purifies his thoughts of malevolence; ridding himself of sloth and torpor, he dwells free from sloth and torpor, seeing the light, recollected, with consciousness alert, he purifies his mind of malevolence; ridding himself of vanity and fretfulness, he dwells not inflated by vanity, with heart inwardly serene, he purifies his thoughts of vanity and fretfulness; ridding himself of doubting, he dwells on the farther shore beyond doubt, no longer anxiously questioning concerning what is right and good, he purifies his thoughts of doubting.

"Through spiritual awakening he rids himself of these five obscurities which rob the heart of power; he dwells irradiating one quarter of the world with heart enkindled with love, and so also the second quarter, so also the third, so also the fourth. Thus he dwells, irradiating the whole world, upward, downward, through and through, altogether, in all ways, with heart enkindled with love. He dwells, irradiating the whole world, upward, downward, through and through, altogether, in all ways, with heart enkindled with compassion; he dwells, irradiating the whole world, upward, downward, through and through, altogether, in all ways, with heart enkindled with even-balanced serenity, abounding, magnanimous, free from enmity, free from ill will. What think you, Banyan? If it be thus, is such self-mortification perfected, or is it not perfected?"

"Of a surety, Sire, self-mortification such as this has reached the summit, has penetrated to the inmost core!"

"Nay, not so, Banyan! Far from reaching the summit and penetrating to the inmost core, such self-mortification has but touched the skin, the outer bark."

That declaration is likely to astonish us as greatly as it astonished good Banyan. Is not the radiant love described the utmost possible fulfilment of the law of righteousness? Of what more can we conceive?

We may anticipate the answer of the Buddha by asking a question: How is it possible for the aspirant, even after he has cleansed his heart of envy, anger, vacillation, sloth and unbelief, the "five obscurities," even after he has torn out the root of egotism, even after he has made the complete sacrifice of

worldliness symbolized by the alms bowl and the cave,—how is it possible for him to create this splendour of love in his clean heart? The answer is, that he has no need to create what is, as a potentiality, already there. It is the treasure of gold buried in the field, to be brought to the light when the earth and stones are removed; it is the true desire of the heart, to be fully revealed when false desires have been purged away; it is the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, the Light of the Logos itself, the universal spiritual consciousness which underlies and gives life to every individual consciousness. But in the heart of unregenerate man that spiritual consciousness has been hidden and buried under a multitude of mental, passional and psychic obscurities, so that the Light can no longer shine through. With the removal of this accumulation of obscurities real life can begin. It is not too much to say that the whole system of self-denial, purification and asceticism imposed by the Buddha on his ardent disciples had no other aim than this: the removal of the heaped up obscurities which impede that Light. And this is true of every genuine religious teacher.

The cleansing of the inner nature, mind and heart and soul, so that the Light may shine, is, therefore, not the end of the way, but its beginning; it is the entrance to the royal road. But, we may be inclined to ask with the ascetic Banyan, what can possibly remain to be undertaken or accomplished, after so much has been already done?

The answer is really implicit in what has been said. The disciple, with fiery energy cleansing and purifying his inner life, has given access to the Light of the Logos. This, which would be otherwise altogether beyond his power, is possible for the simple reason that the Light is already there; is, indeed, the inner essence of his life. In the wise words of the Upanishad, he is That. But, if one may use such a term for the undivided All, he is as yet only a minute fragment of the Logos, only the end of one small ray. His tremendous destiny is, to enter into and become one with all of that infinite Life, or, to speak more truly, to realize that he has been one with that Life, through innumerable ages. Beginning with the dim, divine star that gleams in his cleansed heart, he is to grow and expand until he knows himself one with the infinite Light. So great, so limitless is the path before him.

Therefore this is indeed not the end, but the beginning of the true, divine way. If the ardent disciple travel farther on that way, what should be the fruit of his journey? Let us for a moment consider. He is, step by step, to enter into the Logos; not as a part, but as the All. But the Logos is from eternity. Therefore, as he rises, the disciple will transcend Time, the great illusion which divides Being into a past which has disappeared, an evanescent present, a still imaginary future. The Logos is not omniscient, but omniscience, for the All, as consciousness, must be conscious of all things, whether in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, or in the regions beneath the earth. And, since oneness of Being is the very essence of the Logos, he who enters into that divine consciousness, thereby enters into that perfect love which the Buddha has already described, a love abounding, magnanimous,

compassionate. The ardent disciple, with heart and mind purified, is to enter into, and to share, that conquest of Time, that omniscience and love, which are, not so much properties of the Logos, as its essential being. So we come back to the dialogue between the Master and the ascetic Banyan.

Banyan had affirmed that the illumination of the heart by love was the very perfection and consummation of self-mortification, reaching to the summit, penetrating to the inmost core. But the Buddha had replied that, far from penetrating to the core, this illumination only touched the skin, the outer bark. Recovering from his astonishment at a statement so perplexing, yet promising so much more, Banyan thereupon asked, with fine logical perseverance:

"In what way, then, Sire, does self-mortification reach the summit and penetrate to the core? It would be a happy thing for me, if the Master should bring my self-mortification to the summit, and should make it penetrate to the core!"

"Practising self-mortification, Banyan, the ascetic restrains himself by the restraint of the fourfold watch, and so goes forward, turning not back to lower things. Establishing for himself a quiet refuge for meditation, he irradiates the world with heart enkindled with love. Thereafter he calls to memory many a dwelling of his in by-gone times, that is to say, one former birth, or two births, or three births, or four births, or five births, or ten births, or twenty births, or thirty births, or forty births, or fifty births, or a hundred births, or a thousand births, or a hundred thousand births, many involutions of a world period, many evolutions of a world period, many involutions and evolutions of a world period, so as to say, 'There I was of such a name, of such a family, of such a colour, with such a livelihood, experiencing certain joys and sorrows, completing such a span of life. Departing thence, I became manifest in such a place. There, I was of such a name, of such a family, of such a colour, with such a livelihood, experiencing certain joys and sorrows, completing such a life span. Departing thence, I became manifest here;' thus he remembers many a dwelling of his in by-gone times, with all details and particulars.

"What think you, Banyan? If it be thus, is such self-mortification perfected, or is it not perfected?"

"Of a surety, Sire, self-mortification such as this has reached the summit, has penetrated to the inmost core!"

"Nay, not so, Banyan! Far from reaching the summit and penetrating to the inmost core, such self-mortification has only reached the fibre beneath the bark."

"In what way, then, Sire, does self-mortification reach the summit and penetrate to the core? It would be a happy thing for me, if the Master should bring my self-mortification to the summit, and should make it penetrate to the core!"

"Practising self-mortification, Banyan, the ascetic restrains himself by the restraint of the fourfold watch, and so goes forward, turning not back to lower

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

things. Establishing for himself a quiet refuge for meditation, he irradiates the world with heart enkindled with love. Thereafter he calls to memory many a dwelling of his in by-gone times, one birth, two, three, up to a hundred thousand births, with all details and particulars. So with divine vision, pure, surpassing that of the sons of men, he sees beings departing and coming into manifestation, debased or excellent, fair or foul, righteous or evil; he sees these beings faring according to their works, so as to say, 'These personages, of a truth, persisting in evil deeds, persisting in evil words, persisting in evil thoughts, speaking ill of the noble, holding lying opinions, are incurring the fruit of lying opinions. They, separated from the body after death, have fallen into misery, suffering, retribution, punishment. But, on the other hand, these personages, persisting in good deeds, persisting in good words, persisting in good thoughts, speaking well of the noble, holding true views, are enjoying the fruit of true views. They, separated from the body after death, have entered into a realm of happy manifestation.' Thus, with divine vision, pure, surpassing that of the sons of men, he sees beings departing and coming into manifestation, debased or excellent, fair or foul, righteous or evil; he sees these beings faring according to their works.

"What think you, Banyan? If this be thus, is such self-mortification perfected, or is it not perfected?"

"Of a surety, Sire, self-mortification such as this has reached the summit, has penetrated to the inmost core!"

"Truly so, Banyan! Such self-mortification has reached the summit and has penetrated to the inmost core. So, Banyan, when you said to me in the beginning, 'What, worthy Master, is the Law of Righteousness which the Master teaches to his adherents, trained in which the Master's adherents win serenity, recognizing this Law as the firm foundation of their spiritual life?'—this, Banyan, is the higher and more excellent discipline which I give to my adherents, through which my adherents are established in serenity, recognizing it as the firm foundation of their spiritual life."

So far, all has gone well with the Master and his earnest hearer, Banyan, who, because of his candid spirit and willing heart, has gained the great boon which at the outset was refused. But what of the others? What of the householder Bond, and the obstreperous pilgrims? Have they been forgotten? In the answer, we shall see the happy humour and the perfect skill of the recorders of old time, who so faithfully preserved these discourses. For the record goes on to say that, when this had been said, the pilgrims burst forth in an uproar and a mighty noise, saying, "We are thus brought to naught, with our preceptors, for we know nothing better and higher than what they have taught us!"

Meanwhile, the householder Bond had been thinking, "Even though these pilgrims hold other principles, yet they are listening to what the Master says, they are giving heed to what they hear, they are entering into a better understanding." So he spoke to the pilgrim Banyan:

"Did you not say to me, good Banyan, 'Go to, householder! Knowest

thou with whom the ascetic Gotama confers? With whom does he hold converse? With whom does he clarify his understanding? The understanding of the ascetic Gotama is injured by this habit of solitude, the ascetic Gotama does not know how to conduct a meeting, he cannot carry on a debate, he is really not in the current of things. Your ascetic Gotama, with his habit of solitude, his ignorance of meetings and debates, his limited outlook, is like a cow going round in circles! Look you, householder, if the ascetic Gotama should come to this assembly, we should shut him up with a single question, we should roll him along like an empty jar!' Now, therefore, that the excellent Master has come, he who is perfectly awakened, a perfect Buddha, do you show that he is ignorant of meetings, that he is like a cow going round in circles, do you shut him up with a single question, and roll him along like an empty water-jar!"

Surely a situation dramatically conceived! Are we to hold that the householder Bond, for all his virtues, has fallen short of perfect tact? Or, really resentful of Banyan's peppery phrase, is the householder Bond seizing the opportunity to avenge himself? The venerable commentator, Buddha Ghosa, suggests a third explanation, which does credit to his resourceful heart: the householder Bond is really inspired by the most excellent motives; he has brought the ticklish matter up in order to give Banyan a chance to repent, to confess and be forgiven. The recorder says that, when the householder Bond had thus spoken, the pilgrim Banyan was speechless, irritated, with drooping shoulders, chap-fallen, his mind full of confusion. Every word of this vivid description we can readily believe. The recorder does not say so, but pilgrim Banyan was in fact rolled along like an empty water-jar. The story goes serenely forward:

So when the Master saw that the pilgrim Banyan was speechless, irritated, with drooping shoulders, chap-fallen, his mind full of confusion, he spoke thus to the pilgrim Banyan:

"Is it true, Banyan, that this was spoken by you?"

"It is true, Sire, that this was spoken by me, like an idiot, like a fool, like a wrong-doer!"

"Then what think you, Banyan? Have you heard pilgrims who were old and full of years saying, 'Those who were Arhats in the far distant past, perfect Buddhas, these Masters came together in such assemblies, they raised their voices, boisterous and noisy, relating many kinds of common tales, such, for example, as talk of kings, talk of robbers, talk of ministers, talk of women and men and heroes, talk of the street and of the village well, all kinds of stories, traditions of lands and oceans, discussions of being and non-being, like you and these preceptors a little while ago?' Or, on the contrary, did they say that the Masters of the far distant past sought rather the forest and the verges of the woods, making for themselves refuges there, where there is little tumult, little noise, where breezes blow through the solitudes concealed from the sons of men, in refuges fitted for meditation, even as I do now?"

"Sire, I have heard pilgrims who were old and full of years saying, 'Those who were Arhats in the far distant past, perfect Buddhas, these Masters did not come together in such assemblies, nor did they raise their voices, boisterous and noisy, relating many kinds of common tales.' But they said that the Masters of the far distant past sought rather the forest and the verges of the woods, making for themselves refuges there, where there is little tumult, little noise, where breezes blow through the solitudes concealed from the sons of men, in refuges fitted for meditation, even as you, Master."

"Though you are an intelligent man, Banyan, and full of years, you did not say, 'The Master is a Buddha, teaching the righteous law of wisdom, the Master is self-ruled, teaching the righteous law of self-mastery, the Master is serene, teaching the righteous law of serenity, the Master has crossed the ocean of delusion and teaches the righteous law whereby others may cross over, the Master has attained supreme Nirvana and teaches the righteous law whereby others may attain Nirvana.'"

When the Master had spoken thus, the pilgrim Banyan thus addressed the Master:

"A transgression overtook me, Sire, like an idiot, like a fool, like a wrong-doer, so that I thus spoke of the Master. May the Master accept my confession that a transgression overtook me, so that I may obtain the victory over it!"

"Of a truth, Banyan, a transgression overtook you to-day. But as you acknowledge your transgression honestly, we accept your confession. For this is the rule of the noble one, that he who, overtaken by a transgression, acknowledges and confesses it, making amends, thereby gains the mastery over that fault.

"So, Banyan, I say this: Let an intelligent man come to me, one who is without guile and free from delusion, upright in life, I will teach him and show him the law of righteousness. So practising as he has been taught, and recognizing as the most excellent spiritual way and the supreme goal the doctrine and discipline for whose sake the sons of families come forth from the household life to the homeless life, he will attain to insight and full realization in seven years. But not to speak of seven years, Banyan, if he practise as he has been taught, he will attain in six years; nay, in five years, in four, in three, in two, in a single year; nay, even in seven months, in six, in five, in four, in three, in two, in one month; nay, in a fortnight, in seven days."

FRAGMENTS

HOPE, Faith, Knowledge,—this is the occult trilogy; Charity being the aura surrounding them,—the only atmosphere in which they can grow. Hope is the beginner's stage: he must create and maintain it by firm effort of his will, using his imagination to strengthen and expand it, thus bringing into play the twofold aspect of Creative Buddhi. By means of this continued practice he will rise to the stage of Faith, a firmer, serener place, where struggle is increasingly converted into aspiration, the upward flame of which consumes the dross of doubt and heaviness, as well as the fear which follows them, while it kindles into life the dormant higher consciousness. Thereupon Knowledge is attained, and, farther still, Wisdom, which is the synthesis of the three. Create then thy hope: build thy fire of the lower self,—it will furnish thee fuel enough. Consume, consume; and as the flames of sacrifice leap upward, go thou with them, rising phœnix-like from thine own ashes. But keep the aura of charity about thee, for without that oxygen thy fire cannot live, and on the wings of that fire alone, mayest thou dare dream thou canst attain.

Aye, dream dreams, beautiful ones: they cannot be too many nor too beautiful, if only thou givest thy life to making them come true. For all that the imagination of man can picture, and the will of man create, is but the gleam of that which shines with immortal splendour in the spiritual world —in the World of Reality.

Make thy mind and heart that placid mirror in which these glories can be reflected; so will a heavenly light fill the spaces about thee, and the atmosphere of Eternal Beauty penetrate the blackness of the lower world. For these reflections to be true, thou must be true; for them to be clear, thou must be pure.

To gain them, thou must hope for them, look for them; to keep them and increase them, thou must believe in them, have unshaken faith. To make them powers of redemption, for thyself and others, thou must understand them; and to preserve them in undying consciousness, to incarnate them, thou must be encircled and engulfed in one uprushing flame of love.

CAVÉ.

RELIGIO MILITIS

Then answered he me, and said, This is the condition of the battle which man that is born upon the earth shall fight; that if he be overcome, he shall suffer as thou hast said: but if he get the victory, he shall receive the thing that I say.

II Esdras, vii, 57, 58.

ATTENTION has frequently been called to the deepened religious note that has marked the post-war literature of France, but there have been fewer indications that, even beneath the surface, the same causes were working in England toward the same end,—though, if they were not, the War had, for England, been waged in vain. Nevertheless, some such signs there are, and one of them, a recent book* that lends its title to this article, reveals such personal experience and strikes so high and true a note, as would give it significance in the literature of any time or people; for its author, led by the World War to re-enter the soldier's path, found there the verification of the first great truths of the soldier's faith,—the House of Death becoming for him, as for Nachiketas, a hall of initiation into the Way of Life. It is such a book as we have long hoped some English soldier would write, setting the proven facts of his own and his fellows' experience against the deluded materialism and sentimental pacifism into which the politicians of his country have reacted, and which have stained both their public policies and speech. Could we believe, as the author of this book seems to wish us to believe, that he speaks not only for himself but for his generation, reflecting the hold their hearts and wills have taken upon the soldier's truths, no less than their rejection of forms which have become for them no more than forms, then would our hope for England be more than hope. We should know that the War had been won, and that victory rested with Light and not Darkness. Yet whether he speak for many or for few, there can be no question but that he speaks for himself with utter sincerity, and thereby renders his readers a lasting service.

Perhaps by none will the nature of that service be better understood, and the author's fundamental viewpoint be more completely shared, than by students of Theosophy. The Theosophical Society has been nurtured and reared, as it was conceived, in a warrior faith, and the ancient teachings it reiterates bring home to every man "the meaning of his life; that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle-field ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death". This is the spirit that breathes through the whole theosophic philosophy, one of the tests

* *Religio Militis*, by Austin Hopkinson, a member of Parliament and formerly a private of Dragoons. The University Press, Glasgow. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1928.

by which it may be differentiated from the many perversions and counterfeits that prostitute its name; and therefore, though the disciple of Theosophy must recognize, within all religions, the Light and Truth which he himself strives to serve, it is in the direct and virile religion of the soldier that he is most at home. Here his native tongue is spoken, facts are faced as facts; and in the laying down of life and self, which is the soldier's calling, in its unquestioning loyalties, disciplined obedience and utter self-giving, he finds truths *lived* which all religions teach. Upon these truths the soldier speaks, if he speak of them at all, with the simplicity and authority of personal experience; for those who live the life know of the doctrine, whether it is of God or of man, founded upon fact or fancy.

In both the *Brihad Aranyaka* and the *Chhandogya* Upanishads—said to be the oldest two of this ancient group of Indian scriptures—it is recorded that the Mystery-teaching of the Path which leads men to liberation and union with the Eternal, was communicated to the Brahmans by the Rajput kings,—to priests who knew it not, by warriors whose heritage it was. It was on the field of battle that Krishna initiated Arjuna; and it was when he abode three days "a pure guest" in the House of Death, that Nachiketas, having rejected "store of elephants and gold, of cattle and horses, slave girls and robes and vestures", learned the secret of "the Great, the Infinite, the Illimitable", over which Death had no dominion. First-hand knowledge is the prize of those who stake their life upon their faith and put it to the test of battle. It can be gained in no other way; for those who are not "doers" of the word, but "hearers" only, can never rise above the symbols in which the truth is clothed, so that its concrete spiritual reality soon becomes lost for them in a maze of ritual and metaphysical abstractions, or sinks into the quicksands of sentimental humanitarianism and material "good works". Throughout the whole course of religious history, therefore, wherever the functions of the priest and of the warrior have been divorced, we can trace the recurring need to actualize and to revivify the teachings of the priest by renewed revelation of the warrior's direct experience. This is a persistent lesson of the books of the Old Testament, and is reflected through the Middle Ages in the history of the religious Orders and their reaction upon the Church. It is the story of the Buddha, and of the ages before the Buddha, no less than of the Christ. For though there is inner as well as outer warfare, the kingdom of heaven must be taken by violence. The Path is the path of sacrifice, not of the tithe of one's goods, but of self and of the desires of the heart; and the union that is its goal is found in the resurrection-life, which, even while in this mortal body, rises from the life laid down. Through all time it has been the Way of the Warrior; and the warrior alone, having experienced its truths, can reveal them to others, and resolve the maze of doubt and paradox in which the mind confronts them. So Jesus answers Nicodemus: "Art thou a master in Israel and knowest not these things? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." The words cut through all metaphysical speculation in an appeal to direct, personal experience.

It is something of this service that Mr. Hopkinson renders us, and the heart of the doctrine which he sets forth, in terms of his own life and thought, is in truth the ancient Mystery-teaching of the Path, which the western world had all but lost before the Great War blasted wide its neglected gates. Again and again, as we read his pages, our thought reverts to that profoundly mystical discourse with Nicodemus, in which Christ, revealing the meaning of his own life as Avatar, reveals equally the cosmic descent of Spirit into matter and the Path of Chêlaship. Its significance has been largely missed in modern theology, because taken as applying only to Jesus himself; but the whole context shows that the purport of his argument was that what was true of him must become true of all who would follow him and enter into eternal life. From servants, they must become "Sons" or Chêlas; and with that new birth, "begotten of the Father", the responsibilities of their spiritual lineage become theirs in a new *noblesse oblige*. They are sent into the world, even as Christ was sent into the world, to save it from itself, as the agent of the Father's love, and in obedience to the law—on which all aristocracy rests—that the higher must give itself in battle for the lower. To become a "Son", or Chêla, is to be admitted into the spiritual hierarchy of knighthood, to become a soldier and to enter into war.

Again and again, too, we are reminded of the *Bhagavad Gîta*, and of Death's words to Nachiketas in the *Katha* Upanishad. Though our author makes no direct reference to these Indian scriptures, passage after passage could be quoted from them paralleling and summarizing his thought. "The better is one thing, the dearer is another thing; these two draw a man in opposite ways. . . . Thou, indeed, pondering over dear and dearly loved desires, Nachiketas, hast passed them by; not this flowery way of wealth hast thou accepted, in which sink many of the sons of men. . . . That Seer is not born, nor dies, nor does He proceed from aught, nor has any become He. Unborn, eternal, immemorial, the Ancient is not slain when the body is slain. If the slayer thinks to slay Him, if the slain thinks of Him as slain, both these understand not; He slays not, nor is slain. . . . The children of men go after outward desires; they go to the widespread net of Death. Therefore the wise, beholding immortality, seek not that which is permanent among impermanent things. . . . Not, verily, by speech, or by thought, or by the eyes, can this be obtained. It is apprehended of him who realizes its being; how could it be known otherwise? . . . When all the desires that dwell in his heart are let go, the mortal becomes immortal and enters the Eternal. When all the knots of the heart are untied, the mortal becomes immortal; so far goes the teaching handed down." The way to the Gates of Gold leads through the Temptations in the Wilderness.

We would not have it supposed, however, that we ourselves agree, or believe that other students of Theosophy will agree, with all of Mr. Hopkinson's conclusions. His words have the profound interest and significance that attach to first-hand spiritual experience and honest thought upon it. Of the genuineness of that experience and the truth of that which it revealed, we have no

least shadow of doubt; but there are times when he draws his arguments less from what he has himself verified, than from the background of his education in the misleading simplifications of modern evolutionary theories. He would not have us forget that he belongs to "a generation whose fathers read the *Origin of Species*, and which itself has read *The Golden Bough*". But criticism here is largely beside the mark, and leaves the essential value of his book untouched. It is easy to outgrow *The Golden Bough;* easier still to recognize and make allowance for its influence. It is not easy to find those who will make the sacrifice of telling us the truths their own lives have revealed. How great such sacrifice is, none should know better than those in the Theosophical Movement who have so richly received of its fruits at the hands of their predecessors; and that our present author feels it to be a heavy one, is made very clear in his opening "Apology". We can quote but enough to show its tenor.

". . . . The true reward of the soldier's calling is in the work itself. . . . Yet perhaps it may be allowed to me, the least of all soldiers, to break for once through that reticence which we so highly prize to set down for boys and maidens some of those things which war has taught us, or has appeared to teach. . . .

"More especially do I think it well that those coming after us should hear what we have to say, because it would appear to me that only in battle may a man, setting aside all thought for a morrow which probably he will not see, in some small measure discern what things are real and lasting, and what things are but the fleeting sensations of the moment. Young people, lacking this experience, are too ready to listen to those who, deceived by outward appearance, tell them falsely that this is an era of disintegration, that the old ideals for which men suffered are hollow, and that the new age must begin with the casting away of those restraints which, irksome though they be, are all that separate us from the beasts which perish. Noisy fellows, calling themselves Communists, rave in the streets that there is no God, and that it were well, therefore, to make peace with the devil. Others, moulding a dirty little idol from the mud of their appetites, declare that the voice of their god is not a still small voice, but is rather the hoarse shouting of the mob. They cry out that men need no longer strive to love their neighbour as themselves, for some ingenious change in our industrial system will give prosperity and contentment to all without any self-sacrifice on our part. Others, again, tell us that we may still be overbearing, selfish and covetous of our neighbour's trade and territory, yet wars shall cease because the League of Nations has been set up to be a sure shield for men against the consequences of their own wickedness. . . .

"Surely, then, it is fitting that at the present time soldiers, before all others, should take up the heavy burden of aristocracy, and, setting aside their diffidence, hold themselves ready to fulfil duties far more toilsome and difficult than any which war could lay upon them, . . . and thus preserve some memory of the time when, from the sodden trenches of Flanders, under the

mocking sunshine of Gallipoli, or through the cold mists of the North Sea, we saw the vision, lacking which the people perish. . . .

"If it be true that this age may regain the lost principle of aristocracy, which more than once in the past has saved mankind from despair of the future, . . . it is well that we should see clearly wherein that spirit lies. . . . The failure of democracy has borne witness to the fact that the well-being of the many can be secured only by the self-sacrifice of the few. . . .

"This is that Religion of the Soldier concerning which it is my purpose to write. . . ."

The soldier's right to his work and not to its fruits; the putting away of personal desire and the untying of "the knots of the heart"; the refusal of the "flowery way of wealth, in which sink many of the sons of men"; the recognition of the aristocratic principle of *noblesse oblige;* and the steadfast insistence upon conforming action to vision, the living of the life that the doctrine may be known—these fundamentals of the spiritual life are set out in the author's "Apology", and their application traced through the body of the book. It will be of interest to readers of the QUARTERLY to note that, having taken his stand upon the same unchanging truths of the soldier's faith, his views upon many of the changing affairs of men—upon democracy and mob-psychology, upon economics and political theories—are the same in essence as those to which Theosophy leads, and which have been continuously reflected in this journal through the pages of "On the Screen of Time". We cannot deal with these chapters here, much though we should like to do so, but must confine ourselves to what he has to say upon the religious outlook of his generation, and to the central religious experience that came to him in the war, and which is both the foundation and the verification of his philosophy of life.

He accepts literally the teaching of Christ as recorded in the Gospels; and also some of the Pauline writings, such as the 13th chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians. "With our whole hearts we accept it, assured that it displays the only means whereby we may attain that true mysticism which causes the material universe to vanish away, so that the universe of things unseen and eternal becomes our dwelling place. This accords with the tendency of my generation to seek the literal meaning wherever it is possible, and to neglect those passages in the New Testament which, if their meaning be not strained, seem to be at variance with the philosophy of Christianity."

But for the church as an organization, for its formal rites and sacraments and dogmas, and above all for a priestcraft of which it is the "concern rather to preserve a church than to keep alive a religion", he has little use. "The policy of the Roman hierarchy in Ireland during the late troubles filled with disgust all who have no taste for murder. Nor can the Established Church in England regain her influence till a powerful group of her clergy ceases to flatter and fawn upon the political party which holds that it is better to receive than to give, and better still by the force of the majority to take."

In a chapter whose title confesses its mockery, he considers orthodox theol-

ogy and the hypotheses of physical science, showing by both that "the conceptions of the unchanging must themselves be subject to change." To the belittling anthropomorphic conceptions of Deity he contrasts the geometry of the modern Relativity Theory, which would give to any four-dimensional being such power over time and space as was once ascribed only to the heavenly host. But the philosophic scheme which Mr. Hopkinson finds closest to his own thought, is, he tells us, "a dualism well-nigh Manichæan". "Nor in this", he continues, "should our critics be too ready with their censure. For, as in the early days of our era soldiers brought back to the imperial city a dualistic religion which had a deep effect upon the doctrine and practice of the church, so also do we but carry on the tradition when, returning from the wars, we ask that churchmen should openly recognize the essential dualism implied in the Gospels, and to an even greater degree in Pauline Christianity."

It is the cult of Mithras to which he refers—that derivative of the ancient Mystery-teaching of the Warrior's Path which gave itself to the soldiers of the Roman Empire before it passed from the knowledge of men. Its scriptures have not survived, or have not yet been "found", so that we know it only through fragmentary accounts and allusions; but there is ground for believing, as does our author, that it had a profound effect upon the thought of the early Christian church. In *Isis Unveiled* it is suggested that the "seven seals"—which are described in the fifth and sixth chapters of Revelation as having been opened in order by "the Lion of Judah", who was worthy because he had prevailed and been slain—had reference to the seven rules or mysteries which were delivered to the "newly-born" after he had passed through the baptism of blood in the Mithraic ceremony of initiation; and it is noted how like are the words used in St. Paul's account of the baptism of Christ, "Thou art my Son, *to-day have I begotten thee*" (Heb. v, 5), to those reputed to have been used by Maxime, the Ephesian, in initiating the Emperor Julian into Mithraism: "By this blood, I wash thee from thy sins. The Word of the Highest has entered unto thee, and His Spirit henceforth will rest upon the newly-born, the *now-begotten* of the Highest God. . . . Thou art the son of Mithra." To Mithraism, too, has been ascribed the code of chivalry, and our author believes that its spirit "reappears in the spirit of the Military Orders when these were in their prime".

This is a view which may easily be accepted by students of Theosophy who have seen how, with each new outgiving of spiritual life and truth from the great Lodge, the old truths—to the extent that men have preserved them as true—are gathered up and drawn into the central current of the new teaching. Every Avatar comes, not to abrogate, but to fulfil "the law and the prophets"; and not of one land or time only, but of all. The spiritual rank of Christ's life on earth is testified to as clearly in the Upanishads as in the Hebrew books, and he fulfilled the "law" of the one as of the other. The significance of his birth place—the meeting point of the thought of Egypt, India and Greece—has often been noted. Hebraic legalism was too narrow a lense through which to see the full breadth and depth of the truths he lived and

taught. As he drew anew from that one source of Truth which is the fountain head of all religions, so in that "living water" was whatever *lived* in other faiths. Very little of it could be understood by his immediate followers; and not being understood could not well have been recorded. Nevertheless that which was his, found its way to him and to the tradition of his doctrine; sometimes through strange channels, and more often than not, only to be rejected by the councils of the church which bore his name; yet having made contact, the effect of the contact remained.

It is in terms of the Mithraic beliefs that Mr. Hopkinson gives us the sharpest outline of his own view of life and of the soldier's faith; and it is these also which he uses to interpret, in its universal significance, that transfer of the sense of self-identification from the flesh to the spirit which may be accomplished when the limits of the flesh are overpassed, and which he himself experienced in the extremity of battle as an initiation into the world of the Immortal. What he says here is first-hand testimony to the reality of a law of life which, though verified by soldiers in every age and by all who tread that stage of the Path into which the Temptations in the Wilderness admit, has ever been doubted and rejected by the world. We quote from pages that we should be glad to quote in full.

"Moreover it [Mithraism] solved for the soldier the hard problem raised by the command that a man shall turn his other cheek to the smiter. For its adherents showed that such an instruction could be obeyed to the full, yet that no man need turn his own cheek to him who smote some other person. The soldier confesses that he is bound to forgive unto seventy times seven times the brother who has offended him, but can see no reason why he should forgive even once the brother whose trespass against others is unrequited. Herein, as I believe, we find the whole justification of war. For by wounds received in battle the offence against others is converted to an offence against the soldier himself, and that which was without pardon becomes that for which forgiveness must be freely granted. This is the message of Mithras, filling a man's mind with happiness when his mangled body lies bleeding on the clay of Flanders. . . .

"But it is more especially of the dualism of Mithraism that I would write. For it would appear to me that the scientists of the nineteenth century confirmed to a most remarkable degree the ancient belief in a contest waged between moral beings and a non-moral cosmic process. So that for us the warfare of Ormazd and Ahriman is no mere fable, but a very present reality. I make claim for my generation that it was the first to perceive clearly that nature is a dark power ever striving to keep the gate of progress fast closed to men. For the theory, or one might say without falsehood the fact, of biological evolution was misinterpreted by our forebears in a surprising manner when they sang the praises of a process whereby men must of necessity become better and better, and of a change which, with almost inconceivable rashness, they called progress. It is indeed strange to us that they should have been betrayed into so manifest an error as that of supposing that the fittest to

survive in a struggle for physical existence must be the fittest in any other relation. . . ."

The rising and ebbing tides of material evolution are indicated, and the same lesson drawn from them as in *Through the Gates of Gold*. "From that death or from that everlasting re-birth of worlds there is, then, no escape for those who cowardly submit themselves to the cosmic process, nor, fighting against it and defying the lightning, seek to control an environment which, in default of conscious effort on their part to do so, is strong to control them. They are born, they beget, and they die, and their place knoweth them no more. Fast bound to the wheel of material things and turning with it, they see but a distorted image of the truth which does not move, and is to be seen clearly only by those who can free themselves from that endless rotation and, standing aside though it be but for a moment, can hear the voices of the immortal gods.

"This stepping aside from the material into the spiritual is not to be achieved lightly or with ease. . . . But the victory of man over his environment and the liberation of the soul from the wheel of material things are matters which come within the direct experience of the soldier, who, therefore, needs no shadowy likeness of the truth. Even I am not entirely lacking in this experience, for I well remember a day early in the war, when the enemy conceived a determination to possess himself of that part of the trenches before Ypres held by my squadron. For some hours he turned upon us the whole available power of his artilleries, both heavy and light, so that the sun was darkened by smoke and dust, and we moved as in a dim twilight breathing air such as might hang above the sulphurous lake of hell. . . . What my companions felt I know not, though this at the least is sure, that none failed in that fiery ordeal. But to me those few hours were full reward for all the weary years of waiting and of preparation. The faith long held through all discouragement was justified, and at length I knew clearly that man is master of his universe, having a free choice either to yield to the fearful environment so that he becomes but a poor whimpering animal almost too mean to be worthy of the regard of death, or to rise above the material world around him captain of his own soul, and thereby lord of the whole creation. At such times a man walks with Heroes as it were with equals, contemplating all time and all existence, understanding all knowledge and all mysteries. For the moment he is meek and inherits the earth, for the moment he is pure in heart and sees God. This is the end to which Mithras the Unconquerable leads us, not in some far distant future, but here and now. Death has no sting, the grave no victory for those who with Mithras the Comrade learn thus to subdue Ahriman. For Ahriman is none other, as I believe, than that cosmic process, which, dark, predestined, hopeless, and without compassion, enslaves all save him who, enlisting himself in the shining army of Ormazd, takes up the shield of faith, the sword of the spirit, and the helmet of salvation, wrestling not against flesh and blood, but against the ruler of the darkness of this world."

There follows a passage of profound truth, but one of whose full connotations

in the author's own mind we are not wholly sure. "But there can be no victory even with Mithras the Comrade by our side unless also Mithras the Mediator bring us wisdom from beyond this world. We of the present generation are assured of this, that no mediator is of any avail except he be in part of this material universe and in part of that greater universe beyond it." Were such a statement to be made by a student of Theosophy, we should read in it unhesitatingly his recognition of his own Master, and, from this, his recognition of the existence of the great Lodge of Masters and of the dependence of the spiritual life of mankind upon their teaching and their inner aid. Just what Mr. Hopkinson means by this passage we do not know, as we said, but we have here a clear statement of the theoretical necessity for the existence of the spiritual hierarchy which bridges the gap between man and the Supreme. He returns to touch upon the same theme in the closing sentences of the chapter.

"Herein, indeed, would appear to lie the hope of immortality, that men should be conquerors of Ahriman, consciously moulding this universe to their will, defeating a cosmic process whose end is death because its moving spirit is desire, making the world completely subject, and knowing that the good and evil in it are but the measure of the good and evil in themselves. This, as I believe, is the true mysticism, the real becoming like unto the god, the kingdom of heaven, to be attained only by such as are willing to forsake all and to follow a guide in part human and in part divine—whether that mediator be Mithras or Another."

Yet though our author reverts, not only here but in many other passages, to man's dependence for knowledge of the Path upon the mediation of beings higher than himself—holding that "the doctrine which the Gospels recount is proof enough of the extra-mundane relations of the teacher"; and that "there can be no meaning or purpose in our existence unless some revelation reach us *ab extra*"—it is not clear to what extent he thinks of this mediation as a descent of spiritual life and force as well as of information. Information, as most men know too well, is not enough. There must be the will to use it. The whole tenor of his argument is to show that there can be nothing in natural evolution alone which could have produced a human spirit capable of utilizing this information from above nature, and of setting itself to oppose its parent in ceaseless warfare. As that which is born of the flesh is flesh, so must the spirit be born of the Spirit; and upon this latter half of the dual truth our author is more silent than we could wish. There are times when it seems to us that, though he has seen so much so clearly, the full logical consequences of his own truths have been submerged and hidden from him by that false monism of the common theory of evolution which he himself controverts, yet still, in part, unconsciously accepts. Perhaps it would be strange if this were not so; for the scientific view of evolution, deliberately confining itself to tracing the long sequence of ascending animal forms, the *vehicles* of life, not life itself, has thereby imbued the whole western world with the notion that beings have become what they are through but a single monistic

process. Only in the East, and in Theosophy, do we find the corrective of this view,—the teaching of the descent from Spirit, which is concomitant with and causes the ascent from matter. As our bodies trace their ancestry back to the primordial slime, so do our spirits trace their ancestry from the One Spirit. Man is what he is by virtue of these two opposite currents, and at every point of his evolution the flesh is either "lifted up" to be made through sacrifice an instrument of the spirit, or the spirit is drawn down, degraded and perverted to be the servant and slave of the flesh.

It seems to us, therefore, that our author's own truths would stand forth in an even clearer light, and that something of what now limits them would be removed, if he were to push his dualism further to its logical conclusions. Theosophy holds firmly to the essential *ultimate* unity of Being—so that it does not grant the independent existence of evil *in esse*—but it holds, with equal firmness, that this unity is realized only in the Unmanifest, and that duality, and thus warfare, is the inseparable hall-mark of all manifested being. When this view is taken, many things become clear which are else obscure. We cease to think that we must explain the spirit by the flesh, truth by falsity; and see, instead, that much of what is in the lower man can be explained only through what is in the higher man, and that much which is false is nevertheless a perverted derivative of the truth. The truth of the spiritual life, that the soul becomes that upon which it feeds—the truth which Marcus Antoninus recorded when he wrote, "Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind"; and which St. Augustine heard as from on High, "I am the food of grown men, grow and thou shalt feed upon Me; nor shalt thou convert Me, like the food of thy flesh into thee, but thou shalt be converted into Me"; the truth which the life of every great contemplative exemplifies—this truth, despite *The Golden Bough*, does not owe its origin to the false notions of cannibals, or to their self-justifying rationalization of the desire to eat their braver enemies. This doctrine has not risen from the flesh to the spirit, from falsity to truth; but rather has been dragged down from the spirit to the flesh, from truth to falsehood. And between the two lie all manner and degrees of partial truths and partial falsehoods, in that confusion of planes in which, too commonly, our thought functions and our life is lived.

The same view, too, tends to explain the intensity of the warfare that takes place within the individual soul, and the stupendous issues which hang upon individual victory or defeat. For in truth neither the warfare nor the victory can ever be wholly an individual matter. In each soul, when it comes to that appointed battle "which man that is born upon the earth shall fight", all the hosts of Ahriman press to the attack and meet the army of Ormazd. Our author tells us that the dualism which he has stressed "is not really a Zoroastrian dualism, inasmuch as it removes Ormazd from the scene of the actual conflict with Ahriman, making man his champion"; and the picture that he gives is that of man standing single-handed against the whole "cosmic process". There is truth in this; but there is also an element which may mis-

lead, for the "cosmic process", certainly in its larger sense, includes more than the processes of nature. In it is good as well as evil; Ormazd as well as Ahriman. The soul must stand alone. Our author rightly emphasizes this. But as in each atom the whole universe is integrated, so must the soul integrate within itself the whole of the shining army of heaven. As Edward III stood aloof at Crécy that the Black Prince might win his spurs, so does Ormazd stand. Yet it is with his power and his armies that the soul must fight, to prove itself his son; and the victory it must win is Ormazd's, or it is nothing worth—defeat, not victory.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL

I count him braver who overcomes his desires than him who conquers his enemies; for the hardest victory is the victory over self.—ARISTOTLE.

True happiness never flows into a man, but always out of him. Heaven itself is more internal than external.—NEWMAN.

THE HAKO: AN INDIAN RITE

PART I

YEAR after year, as occasion offers, I make a pilgrimage to the Southwest, with some one of the Indian religious ceremonies as my chief objective. It may be that I jolt my hot and dusty way across Arizona to the far Hopi villages, camping for sleepless nights, and living on next to nothing, for the sake of the few brief hours when I may witness the tense culmination of the Snake Dance; or perhaps at Christmas time I shiver the length of the snowy road between Santa Fe and the Pueblo of San Felipe to stand the night through on feet aching from the cold of the clay floor, just to see the dramatic inrush of the Deer and Buffalo dancers when, after the midnight mass, they storm into the little adobe church to enact their age-old prayer for good hunting before the Virgin and Child; or I rise in the dark of a January morning at San Ildefonzo to stumble up a stony hillside where, unobtrusively ensconced behind a clump of juniper, I can watch the masked figures of the Buffalo tramp from the kiva through billows of ceremonial smoke, rose red in the first level rays of the sun.

I think I could easily number a dozen other occasions when, against odds and discomfort, I have betaken myself with deep inner excitement, to watch and marvel over these primitive dramaturgies which are still a potent factor in the religious life of the southwestern tribes. Over and over again I have asked myself just what it is that invests them with their compelling and drawing power. That they are beautiful I know; nothing could be lovelier than the Eagle Dancers, light and alert and inimitably bird-like, hovering on a moonlit ledge of the Cañon de Los Frijoles; nothing more breath-catching than the rhythmic tramp and sonorous chorus of the great Domingo Corn Dance, nor more weirdly dramatic than the Shalako ceremony when the Giant Harbingers of the Rain dance back and forth before strange altars at Zuñi.

I have a mind full of unforgettable pictures, and yet I believe the lure which draws one back again and again, and which holds one's unabated interest through long hours of endless repetition, is not alone the enjoyment of the visual beauty or the fascination of the intricate rhythm of the music, but that underneath and above and back of the brilliant patterning of colour, underneath and above and back of the insistent measures of chorus and drum and posture, one is always hauntingly aware of direct purpose; that here is a united will which is using colour and gesture, melody and rhythm with a full belief in their creative potency, so that, inevitably, one is forced from the attitude of a mere spectator and is swept along with the participants in appeal to the High Powers.

I am by no means able to pursue this thought unaided; the barriers of race and language and alien beliefs are too difficult for any casual observer to

penetrate; but fortunately there has been much scholarly and unprejudiced research in the field, and the results are readily available. One book above all others has seemed to me to furnish the coveted key of understanding, and I have therefore made it the subject of this study. It is a ponderous volume which, as one reads and re-reads, turns under one's very hands from a dry-as-dust tome put out by the Smithsonian Institution as "Number 22, Part II, Publication of the Bureau of Ethnology," into a living record of human sympathy and spiritual understanding, while it furthermore points the way to a world of prototypes and parallels. There are suggestions which carry one's thoughts to the Eleusinian mysteries of archaic Greece, to the East Indian Upanishads, to the Japanese Nō Plays, or the Egyptian hymns to Ra which are here fairly matched by the Sun-Chant of their far-flung western descendants.

The sub-title of the volume is, "The Hako: a Pawnee Ceremony"; and though actually a rite of the plains' Indians, it nevertheless shows unmistakable evidence of origin on the Mexican plateau, and in general character is closely akin to the greater religious dramas of New Mexico and Arizona. Generically they are all enacted prayers for tribal well-being,—for rain, the harvest of corn, or good hunting; specifically in this instance, for peace and plenty and children to strengthen and carry forward the life of the people.

The author of the report is Miss Alice Fletcher, who was a recipient of the Thaw fellowship from the Peabody museum, and who devoted her life to study and service among the Omaha and related tribes. I have been told by a friend who knew her, that she was an exquisitely feminine and retiring little lady, but because of devotion to her Indian charges she betook herself from the seclusion of the reservation to Washington, there to brave the powers-that-be in their defence; that she succeeded in lobbying through a bill insuring them just land tenures, subsequently mastering practical surveying that she might herself follow the chain, and oversee the field work which threatened to nullify all that she had accomplished. The exposure and physical difficulties of the task brought on a long attack of rheumatic fever which left her permanently crippled, but it was during the weeks of her convalescence that the Indians, for once really convinced of a true friendship, divulged much that is contained in her books, and it was through their love and co-operative help that she secured the material for her epoch-making report.

An extract from her preface will give an idea of the magnitude of the task:

"The difficulty of obtaining first-hand information in regard to Indian religious rites and beliefs is so well known, that it seems proper to state how I came by my opportunities. In the early eighties of the last century while pursuing my studies of the Omaha, I several times witnessed the ceremony described in the following pages, but owing to the death of the only man who knew all the ritual it became impossible at that time to secure a complete record. I was told that it was still preserved in its entirety among the Pawnees and later I was able to establish with that tribe relations of confidence, the credentials being my extended acquaintance among the Omaha and the

warm friendship of their leading men. I need not recount the failure of efforts made during some fifteen years to gain the desired information, since at last in 1898 I found the desired opportunity.

"Experience has shown that no linguistic training enables an unaided student to truly record and interpret Indian ritual; one must have a native collaborator who speaks English and is at the same time well versed in the Sacred Language and other intricacies of his own tongue, and who possesses the mind and character which fit him to grasp the ideals of his race. I have had such a collaborator in James Murtrie, an educated Pawnee whom I have known since he was a school boy, twenty years ago, and it is his patience, tact and unfailing kindness that have soothed the prejudices and allayed the fears of the old men who are the repositories of all that remains of the ancient tribal rites.

"It is one of these old men named Tahirussawichi who is the direct authority for the text of this report and for the full explanations which accompany it. He bears the title of Kurahus, which is both a term of general respect and the specific designation of a master of the Hako ceremony, and though ready with good fellowship he never forgets the dignity of his calling as guardian of the sacred rites. He has held to an earth lodge as his abode until it has dropped to pieces about him for,—'I cannot live in a white man's house; the sacred articles committed to my care must be kept in an earth lodge, and in order that I may fulfil my duties toward them and my people, I must be there also, so that as I sit I can stretch out my hand and lay it on Mother Earth.'

"When on a visit to me in the capital, I took him to see the Washington Monument, and he admired it greatly, measuring the base by foot paces and noticing its height, but when I suggested that he ascend to the top he shook his head saying, 'The white man likes to pile stones upon stones, and he may go to the top of them; I will not; I have climbed the mountains made by Tirawa, the Great Spirit.' It has taken four years of close relations with my kind old friend to obtain the full account of the ceremony, for it was hard to overcome the scruples of his early training which enjoined strict secrecy concerning many of the rituals.

"The word Hako has been adopted by me as a title from among the varying Indian designations because it has a comprehensive meaning which includes, and can in turn be applied to, the symbolic articles employed, to the songs and ceremonial acts and to the participants themselves; furthermore because of its etymological derivations it implies that every object herein used is endowed with a life of its own, that it breathes and has a speaking voice, just as has the drum or tom-tom whose rhythm follows and emphasizes the emotions expressed in the songs."

The philosophy of being which is here described is pre-eminently a world of spiritual relations in which nature and the elements, man and the lowliest of creatures, all play their allotted rôles. It recognizes an ultimate spiritual power, unknown and unknowable, dwelling in a place too high to be reached by the thoughts of men.

"This mighty power whom we call Tirawa, or Tirawa-atius, the Father of ALL, no one can describe, for where he lives no man has ever been; nor can this Mighty Power speak directly to man; for this reason he has created the Lesser Powers, and has given to them as their abode the blue circle of the sky.

"Three of the Lesser Powers are the most potent; first the Life Breath or Spirit, which is manifested in the Four Winds, guardians of the Four World Quarters, and which bestows the breath of life on all creatures; it is a very potent power though invisible.

"Next comes the Force of Life, vitality, which is manifested as the Sun-Father, and which sends down fiery strength and the vigor of growth; while the third is the Power of Gestation, of conservation, which is manifested as the Earth Mother; it nourishes and supports all life.

"Besides these three there are other Lesser Powers; Water is one, and Vegetation is one, for both these Powers dwell in the circle of the Sky and are needed to maintain the life of man. Sometimes too the Morning Star and the Brown Eagle are named as Lesser Powers."

Intermediate between the Lesser Powers and man, lies the abode of the Visions, not of ordinary shifting dreams, but the visions or revelations which on occasions of need can be sent by the Powers down to man to reveal or to point the way. "Only men who are seeking to follow the teachings given by the Powers are able to behold or remember or interpret these Visions which come in many forms such as the birds which are invoked and symbolized in the ceremony. Yet while all are not able to behold or remember, all who participate in a rite feel the gladness which the Visions impart as they move about unseen. It is usually by night that they come, for then it is easier for the spirit to move freely, but it is quite possible though more difficult for them to reveal themselves by day."

Within and around and about this cosmogony are subdivisions and combinations and additions, expressed through an involved use of symbolism, the symbolism of colour and number as well as of concrete sacred objects which are related more or less definitely to religious ideas.

The Hako ceremony specifically is a prayer lasting many days, in which all these supernatural powers are invoked and become actually united with the supplicants through the media of meditation, dance and song. It is inaugurated by some leading man in a village, usually a Chief, who conceives the idea that union with a second village would be of benefit, securing to them both added strength and protection and an inrush of new life. When thoroughly convinced of the advisability of such a step, he calls the participants which the contemplated rite requires. Most important of these is a Kurahus or Master of the Hako, who, from the moment he accepts office, is in absolute charge of all the proceedings; he must be a man of great dignity who commands the unequivocal respect of the people, and who, moreover, is versed in all the intricacies of the enactment, able to interpret its teachings, and knowing word for word each of its many songs with the accompanying steps and gestures. The other members of the group include the Priest of the Rain Shrine, two

Medicine Men, a second Chief, a number of musicians, and, lastly, kindred or friends who are willing to furnish the requisite gifts.

The Chief who inaugurates the rite is known as the Father, and the entire group which he assembles as the Party of the Fathers. It is their province to select some man of sufficient worth and power in the second village, to vouch for the contemplated alliance; if he accepts the honour, he will be styled the Son, and will gather together in his turn, a group known as the Party of the Children, to bear their due share in the coming ceremony.

According to Miss Fletcher's analysis, the Hako consists of twenty distinct though inter-related rituals, seven of which belong to the Preparatory Rites, the rest to the ceremony proper; each ritual embodies one general idea which is elaborated by songs and attendant acts, both songs and acts so closely related to the central thought that one helps to keep the other in mind. The thought expressed determines the rhythm, which in turn controls the words, the music, and the duration of the notes; moreover, the thought thus embodied in one ritual leads so directly to the next that they form a sequence which in the mind of the Pawnee cannot logically be broken, thus insuring the preservation of the ceremony in its entirety through generations of oral transmission. Its compact and closely knitted structure bears testimony to the mental grasp of the people who promulgated it, and to their defined beliefs. Rhythm, always determined by the thought to be expressed, dominates the entire rendition and is always exact, for if any liberties were taken with it the entire character of the song would be blurred or distorted to the native ear.

In the Preparatory Rites, the sacred symbolic articles are constructed and vested with their supernatural authority, the choice of the Son is mystically determined, messengers are dispatched from one village to the other to announce the impending honour, and upon their return with the Son's acceptance, the entire party of the Fathers makes a stately journey thither, and is duly welcomed; after which a ceremonial lodge is consecrated as the Nest in which the New Life is to be born, and the Son, clothed by the Father in symbolic robes, joins with him in recognition of the Divine Power Above.

This completes, so to speak, the setting of a stage and the assembling of actors in readiness for the ensuing drama, which is ushered in by parental admonitions and a ceremonial feast prepared by the Fathers in token of the care given by kind parents to their offspring. With the initial relation thus established, there follow days and nights in which the Visions are invoked, the cosmic birth of Dawn is celebrated, the male forces of the Day and the female forces of the Earth—all the Powers of the Above and the Below—are summoned to gather within the Nest of the Lodge for the culminating hours of the Secret Ceremony.

To follow this prolonged dramaturgy through, with any degree of completeness, is obviously impossible in a limited article, and moreover, for those who desire it, Miss Fletcher's book is readily available. In it are given all the minute details of every separate ritual, and the metrical record of the songs with the Indian Syllables and their literal English equivalent, followed by

Tahirassawichi's explanation of the "inner meaning," together with Miss Fletcher's freer poetical rendition. Naturally, however, this makes a rather formidable bit of reading, so it has seemed legitimate to attempt a curtailed transcription. The explanations are almost word for word those of the old Indian Master of the Hako, while the analysis and the translation are Miss Fletcher's. In the following account no comment or interpretations have been added, though of necessity much that is interesting and significant has been omitted.

The Preparation

As the hour designated for the initial rites approaches, the group of the Fathers assembles in one of the more commodious dwellings which has been set aside for their use; the Kurahus, or Master of the Hako, already duly anointed and wrapped in official robes, seats himself near the west wall, facing eastward, while before him lies a mat spread with all the materials needed in the construction of the Sacred Articles. Forthwith he begins the opening song, which is a direct invocation to the Powers to approach and endow the Hako with divine life; it recalls the creation of man, the gifts bestowed upon him by the All-Father, and the establishment of rites through which he can in turn make appeal; furthermore, man's desire for the reproduction and continuation of his life is dwelt upon, and the orderly approach by which he shall make this desire known to Tirawa, thus indicating the religious basis of the impending ceremony. It is in the form of a litany, each stanza beginning with a petition to "give heed," and closing with an assurance that heed has indeed been vouchsafed.

There follows closely upon this invocation the strictly ritualistic fashioning of the symbolic objects; these are many and varied in character, but among them all there are three of pre-eminent import,—those representing the Man Eagle and the Woman Eagle or the male and female forces, and the corn symbol which embodies the wisdom and fecundity of Mother Earth. The two eagle symbols are in the form of Calumets or hollow pipe-stems through which the breath of life may pass; they are grooved and painted with the colours of sky and sun and earth, and upon them are bound the feathers of the master-birds,—the wild duck, unerring guide of the water-ways, the woodpecker who rules among forest trees, and the owl, protector through the darkness of night; while, as a last distinguishing mark, there are attached to one Calumet the white tail feathers of the male eagle, to the other the brown of the female. Of the high esteem accorded these Sacred Pipes, Miss Fletcher observes:

"I have many times remarked the reverence and affection felt by the Indians toward these Feathered Stems. Their sacred character seemed always to be remembered, and they were never handled carelessly. During the entire time that I was engaged with my venerable friend on this ceremony, he never allowed them to be laid on the floor or placed on a chair, but they were always carefully deposited on the wildcat skin which is their prescribed resting place."

It is interesting to note in this connection that when Père Marquette made his first voyage of discovery in 1672, he found just such Feathered Stems held in reverence by practically all the tribes of the Mississippi Valley and made the following entry in his journal: "This Calumet is the most mysterious thing in the world. The sceptres of our kings are not so much respected, and the natives have such reverence for it that one may call it the god of peace and war, the arbiter of life and death, for in the hottest battles they lay down their arms before the Sacred Pipe."

Since the lessons of the Hako are couched so largely in examples of bird life, their flocking and flights, their alert attention and brooding care over the nest where the young are nurtured, it is logical that the eagle symbols should bear leading rôles in the enactment. Equal in importance however, is the symbol of the Corn Mother, for "the corn is the direct gift of Tirawa who, many generations ago, taught to our fathers the manner of its culture." All through the garnering of the crops the women are on the watch for a perfect ear which bears the proper requisites. It must be very large and shining white, with even, straight rows of glistening kernels, and it must be tipped with a waving tassel of silky fibres, so that in every respect it is worthy to represent the marvellous powers of the Earth.

In the ritual of the preparation, through song and rhythmic gesture, it is lifted plane by plane to the circle of the sky and to the abode of Tirawa, where the mystic power of leader is conferred upon it. When the domed tip is covered with the blue pigment which holds within it the "spirit of the Abode of the Powers" so that it resembles the blue dome of the sky; when four equidistant blue lines are traced from this sky dome downward toward the butt, as paths which the Powers may travel when they are called upon for aid; when over the tip floats a breast feather as light as a drifting white cloud; then, bearing these insignia of office and authority from above, it is transformed from Atira, the Mother, to h'Atira, the Mother-who-breathes-forth-life. "Now she is a person with power to lead, and because she comes straight from the Earth-Mother, who knows all things, she, too, shares this wisdom and likewise knows all things. We bind to her a support fashioned of a pointed branch of the wild plum, most fruitful of all the forest trees, so that during the enactment she will not have to lie down, but even when resting may stand erect; and whenever she is carried forward, we follow, for she is now our leader in this ceremony."

When all the Sacred Articles have been duly and meticulously prepared, they are laid at ceremonial rest upon a wildcat skin—chosen for the purpose because among all the animals the wildcat best knows how to gain his ends without undue strife, and can therefore best insure quiet protection—all except Mother-Corn, who, as leader in the ceremony, stands forward and upright by means of her plum-wood support. Gathered about, each in his prescribed location, are the dark-faced participants—the Kurahus, bearing the Mother-Eagle Calumet, his assistant carrying the white Man-Eagle, two medicine men wielding each a spread eagle-wing, and he who bears the title of Father.

"And now we commence the rites through which the Son is selected. It is a very binding relation which we are to form, and the man who is suggested by the Father must be approved by these leaders of the tribe as one who is in every way worthy and whom we would gladly have bound to us by so close a tie. But we must also procure the sanction of h'Atira, the Corn-Mother, who is wise and who is now our leader. This ritual is always a night ceremony, for by night the spirit is more free, and can move about more easily.

"That which we now do is very hard. We must try and try with all our might or we cannot succeed. We have to make all of our separate spirits as one spirit, joined each to each in one whole, and then this, our united spirit, must make itself one with the spirit of Mother Corn. Her spirit must unite with our spirit so that together we may go forth on our search for the Son. Sometimes it may happen that one of the party cannot do this thing; he may try, but because of some part of his nature he cannot be at one with the others, and he cannot with them join the spirit of h'Atira, so our effort will be made in vain. We are therefore very careful about who shall be chosen for the Hako party."

It is a very long ritual, lasting hour after hour; and from the solemn chanting of the first stanza—"Mother Corn, O hear! Open our Way! Lo, as we draw near let our souls touch thine while we pray thee"—through the eight verses, and during the intervening periods of silent meditation, thought and desire must be centred on the one supreme objective.

"While we sing our spirits and the Spirit of Mother Corn come together. Now we are all to meditate. We sit with bowed heads, and Mother Corn sits with bowed head; we are all to think over and consider who shall be the Son.

"We must all agree upon the choice, Mother Corn and all; it is very difficult for all to unite, but we must do so before we can follow Mother Corn where she determines to lead us; it often takes a long time.

"It is while we sing the third stanza that the choice is made. Mother Corn lifts her head and stands erect; then she moves through the air flying on her journey to the Son and we follow. But you must understand it is not the ear of corn itself that travels through the air, nor do our bodies follow—it is the spirit of h'Atira that moves, and it is our united spirits that follow, that travel with her to the land of the Son while we are singing. The path which now is opened by the spirit of Mother Corn, we, the group of the Fathers, will take when we in our bodies journey to the Son, but the way must first be opened in this manner; the path must be opened and made safe by her spirit.

"When the Son's village is reached h'Atira (and we too, for we are one with her) moves about among the lodges till she finds that one where the Son lies sleeping. She enters that lodge and touches the sleeping Son. He does not see her, nor does he waken, but although he sleeps his mind is opened. In a dream he hears and sees one of the birds which are part of the Hako and are bound on the Feathered Stems, for the spirits of those birds are with Mother

Corn and they do her bidding. When he wakes in the morning he will remember that dream, and as he thinks upon it he will know that he has been chosen to be the Son.

"Thus the way has been made straight from the lodge of the Father to the lodge of the Son, so that the bodily messengers can travel in safety; and the mind of the Son has been opened so that he will be ready to receive these messengers when they arrive."

Miss Fletcher says it is noteworthy that the Kurahus recounted this strange portion of the ceremony with the same matter-of fact simplicity as the more ordinary episodes, merely reiterating, "it is indeed a very hard thing to do."

On the following day, four young men, lithe and strong of limb, are dispatched to bear the proposal of alliance to the Son. "When they reach the village and the Son hears the words they speak, he will be reminded of the dream in which he was touched by Mother Corn. He will call a council, and when the idea has been duly considered, the messenger will be sent back to the Father bearing the words: 'I am ready.' Only a very grave hindrance, such as the death of a near relative, would prevent the Son from accepting."

When the youths return with the Son's reply, there is great rejoicing, and all hasten to make ready for the journey and the ensuing festivities. Much food must be prepared, both for the Hako party itself and for the feast offerings which will be tendered to the Children, and there must be many gifts of special value worthy to commemorate so important an occasion.

When at last all is in readiness, and the morning set for the departure is at hand, the various sacred symbolic articles are bound bird-wise on a slender lodge pole, and are lifted high up toward the East that they may be vivified by the breath of Dawn and the first rays of the rising Sun, while with measured steps, so many to the east, so many to the west, so many to the other world quarters, the entire group of the Fathers treads out on Mother Earth the rude image of a man with outstretched arms, "whose feet stand where our feet stand, and who, coming thus straight from Tirawa through this our ceremonial act, will walk with us as a protector on our journey."

The journey may be a very long one; day after day, sun-drenched and wind-swept, they follow the mystic guide, the Corn Mother, as, flanked on either hand by the Eagle Calumets, she is borne before them over the stretch of virgin prairie. There are charming incidental songs suited to the varied hazards of the way,—to mountains and mesas, to winds and rivers, to the buffalo and the deer. The one to a stream which crosses the path is especially lovely:

"Dark against the sky yonder distant line
Lies before us; trees we see, long the line of trees
Bending, swaying in the breeze.

"Bright with flashing light yonder distant line
Runs before us, swiftly runs, swift the river runs
Winding, flowing o'er the land.

"Hark! Oh hark! a sound, yonder distant sound
Comes to greet us, singing comes, soft the river's song,
Rippling gently 'neath the trees."

Bearing in mind that the Hako had its far origin in the Land-of-little-Rain, one can appreciate the lyric emotion of these words, voicing delight in the splash and gurgle of the sparkling water, and in the bright verdure so coveted in an arid country. But the special significance for this occasion is more clearly voiced in the words which are reiterated as they stand on the brink and wade into the shallows:

"Oh Kawas, come!
To thee we call, oh come and thy permission give,
Into the stream to wade and forward go"—

for, during the entire ceremony, Water is a personified divinity and may not be lightly approached or profanely touched for ordinary purposes. So at each river or brook, permission is humbly sought to enter and cross to the other side.

At length they near their destination; they are met and greeted by an envoy who, after a formal interchange of gifts and songs, guides them to the village and to the dwelling where the Son awaits their coming. "He is seated at the south side near the door, which is the humblest place; it is a very high honor which has been bestowed upon him, and because of this he takes the seat of the lowliest, not assuming any prominence before the people."

"When we arrive in front of the lodge we halt, for we must enter ceremonially; at the doorway the three leaders stand abreast, the Chief with the Ear of Corn between those who bear the Feathered Calumets, and behind these three are the two doctors each with his Eagle Wing. We all sing that Mother Corn has come to the entrance bringing the promise of life, the promise that makes the heart of man glad, and we give the cry of thankfulness, 'Nawairi!', thinking as we do so that the promise is known to the Powers of the Four Directions who give strength and make the promise sure.

"At the close of the song we cross the threshold and take four steps along the passage-way in recognition of these same powers of the World Quarters, and we sing that Mother Corn has entered, has opened the door of the lodge for the entrance of life, and again we give the cry of thankfulness, 'Nawairi!'. The bearers of the Calumets follow Mother Corn bringing another promise which makes the heart thankful, the promise of life from the Powers Above, and after them come the doctors with the wide-spread Wings. These five men march slowly around and around the Lodge, to the south, the west, the north and the east, singing and swaying the Corn Ear, the Feathered Stems and the Eagle Wings to the rhythm of the music.

"The songs tell us that Mother Corn has walked within the Lodge with the promise of life, and that just overhead the Eagle is soaring with the promise of life from the Powers Above.

"When we stand and face the east, the White Eagle Stem must be on the right, toward the south, for it represents brightness, the light, the day, the Sun; it is the male, it is for defense, and is carried on the side farthest away from the people. Kawas, the Brown Eagle Stem, is on the left towards the north; it represents darkness, the night, and moon, it is the female and is carried nearest to the people and it has the right to make the Nest and to seek help from Tirawa for the Children.

"Kawas is potent in this ceremony, which is to ask for the gift of children; not only that children may be born to us, but that the close tie of parent and child may be established between us and those to whom we are bringing these Sacred Objects, that peace may be between the tribes. So we sing that Kawas is hovering in the Lodge as an Eagle hovers over her nest; this stanza is sung slowly for the Eagle as it hovers is slow in its movements.

"We sing the next stanza faster, for now Kawas has stretched her mighty wings and is driving all harmful influences out of the Lodge, making the place ready for all the good that is promised to us through the ceremony, and the doctors raise and lower their feather fans to simulate an Eagle clearing its nest, flapping and fanning out all impurities. At the west, back of the fire, a space is now set apart and made sacred as the Holy Place; here the wildcat skin is spread and upon it the Sacred Articles are reverently laid at rest, Mother Corn standing beside them upright and a little to the fore."

At this time the Kurahus appoints certain men to special duties; some must bring wood and water, some attend to the cooking, some assist the Children in their daily work, and some must undertake certain tasks connected with the rites. In this way the labour attendant on the long enactment is planned and divided, so that nothing will be neglected and there will be no dispute or confusion.

The business of administration over, the Kurahus returns to his ceremonial functions, and directs the Father to clothe the Son as his child in the beautiful embroidered robes which have been carefully provided for the occasion. With the new relationship thus visibly established, Father and Son unite in making the Smoke offering, invoking a blessing through this closest possible approach to Tirawa, and offering a prayer for fulfilment of the ceremony about to be inaugurated. It opens with the admonitions of the Father,—

> "My Son now heed! Attend the command I give you!
> Oh speak to the Gods listening above us
> Oh let your prayers ascend to the Mighty Ones on high";

and closes with the words,

> "See the Smoke ascend!
> Now the odor mounts, follows where his voice
> Sped intent to reach
> Where Gods abide; there the odor pleads
> Pleads to gain us help."

But the major portion of the rite is unrecorded, for the Kurahus explains: "I do not know the order of this act; it must always be conducted by the Priest of the Rain Shrine, and it does not belong to me to know it. What the Son says as he prays to the Powers is not audible to us, for it is not intended for us to hear, but we are bidden to take heed that the prayers of the Son, who is as our child, have been spoken and have travelled far, going on and on to the distant places where dwell the Great Powers who guard the Rain."

When he has finished the Smoke offering, the Son takes off his fine garments and lays them before the Chief of his village, that they may be distributed among the Children, and with this act of renunciation, the preparation is complete; Mother Corn duly vested with divine authority has opened the Lodge, and Kawas has cleansed it of all impurities; the chosen Son, clothed as a Child by the Father, has offered prayer and Smoke to the Powers Above; the garments worn during the act have been removed and given away; all the Sacred Articles are resting in the Holy Place back of the fire, and everything is arranged and in readiness for the ceremony.

E. A.

(*To be continued*)

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character.—LAVATER.

WAR MEMORIES

THE CREEPING SHADOW

Learn from the sins of others, the dangers that confront thee, O Lanoo! Search thine own heart for the evils of suspicion, fear, hatred, envy, and drive them from thee before they drive thee into the Pit.

BOOK OF ECHOES.

The Prussian was born a brute and civilization will make him ferocious.

GOETHE.

IT was in the early years of the century that I first went to live in Germany, almost a decade before the War. I had been advised, for reasons of health, to spend some time in a high altitude, and wishing to continue, as far as possible, a reasonably full and active life (a thing difficult of accomplishment in any small town, famous merely as a health resort), I chose Munich, the second highest capital in Europe, where I could easily carry on some work in which I was already engaged and in which I was deeply interested. After inscribing myself with the police (the first and unavoidable duty of any resident or even tripper), I settled down in a little flat, much pleased at first with the life around me. Being, like many other denizens of a heedless world, interested in almost everything save politics, I was, at the start, quite blind to what was going on behind the scenes in the Germanic Empires, and while I had intended to make my stay about a twelvemonth, as a matter of fact it stretched itself into a number of years. There was thus ample opportunity, during that time, to have my eyes opened to many things.

As if by some unrecognized, yet pre-arranged plan, the hour of my arrival had been timed with dramatic accuracy, for excitement and war-talk were in the very air,—though, as I look back, it remained more or less "just talk" to me. The Moroccan Crisis was occupying the thoughts of everyone interested in "Weltpolitik". The Kaiser's "first gesture" had stupefied the world, which had not yet learned to know its William II; and presently we were to see von Bülow strutting about, resplendent in his newly won princely title, bestowed upon him because of his "brilliant success" at Algeciras. For the moment everything seemed to smile for the Germans, but soon it began to dawn even upon them, that what had looked at first like a great victory, was in reality a dangerous defeat, for the very abasement of France had drawn England into closer sympathy with her, making, if anything, more real the true spirit of the Entente; and Russia, standing firmly by her obligations, gave unqualified proof of her loyalty; while Italy, on the other side, flaunting in the very face of her allies, her open disapproval of the whole business,

weakened the morale of the Triple Alliance. Austria and Germany began to see that they were in danger of standing very much alone,—an unpalatable dish to the Kaiser especially.

More and more, as the months passed, did Germany realize what she had done; more and more did she resent the unqualified support which Great Britain had given to France, thus making the German discomfiture inevitable and obvious to the world at large. I think it is generally conceded that the intense hatred for England began at this time, at least the peculiar and venomous quality of hate which was to give a special colour to the War-time spirit. As for France, the bitter humiliation which the Tangier episode had brought upon her, would seem in the end to have been an incalculable blessing. The exile of Delcassé has been called "the greatest sorrow France had known since Sedan", but it was a sorrow which was to reopen her eyes to the more than ever pressing danger of the German policy of aggression,—a danger which had never ceased to exist, but which had been too often forgotten.

This was, in general, my introduction to life in Germany, and I have spoken of it because it is recognized by many that, while the seeds of the World War are as old as Time (and of course older), something difficult to define but very far reaching happened in Europe when the Moroccan bombshell burst, and that at Algeciras, with all its pain and mortification (probably because of these), new and sacred bonds were sealed, the strength of which was to be proved less than ten years later. It is not my intention to try to give a picture of political Germany during my years of residence there. For one thing, I should be quite unfitted for the task, and for another, one can get all the political data one wants, in countless excellent books. Still, even an unofficial resident of a country has many opportunities, amusing and the reverse, to take note of the proverbial "straws",—those apparently insignificant daily occurrences which show the way the wind is blowing; while, in retrospect, one comes to appreciate what real weather vanes these "straws" were.

I think it has been the experience of many foreigners in pre-War days, that, going for the first time to live in Germany, particularly in South Germany, they found a peculiar charm in the smooth-running machinery of daily life; the quiet streets where almost inaudible surface-cars passed to and fro; where no unnecessary noises were permitted, barking dogs, for instance, being instantly and ruthlessly seized and suppressed, even street whistling being strictly prohibited; where no one ever seemed out of breath or, for that matter, even in a hurry; where one never saw either abject poverty or drunkenness; where the rather heavy architecture of the houses was delightfully relieved by countless window boxes full of bright flowers and trailing vines; where lovely gardens glowed in the clear, high mountain air of the little Bavarian capital. At first there seemed to be great and refreshing repose in the even tenor of life, especially to an American like myself, painfully familiar with the ceaseless roar and turmoil of our great cities. Here in Munich was the longed-for quiet. Everybody studied, everybody worked at something

yet everybody had leisure for enjoyment; the consequence being that everybody looked mildly contented and well-to-do, and that, like the insides of a clock, everybody seemed fitted into the very place he was best able to fill, that which best suited his peculiar constitution. Birth, death, pleasure or insanity,—all were so adequately provided for that you hardly knew they occurred at all.

Presently, however, you began to miss something; then you began to have a kind of compressed feeling, as a dog must when he is given gunpowder (I think it is gunpowder) to stunt his growth, for, as it was observed by one who also lived there: "outside the indicated limits of daily life, almost nothing is permitted, almost everything forbidden." It took you a longer or shorter time to wake up to this fact, but wake up to it you did before you were done with Germany, or Germany was done with you. It was not that the average law-abiding foreigner objected to obeying municipal or State rules and regulations, but there were such mountains of them! And everything which you might inadvertently do that turned out to be "*polizeilich verboten*", no matter how innocuous its nature, was known as a "crime". It sometimes happened that instead of being compressed into or depressed by a huge variety of municipal by-laws, which stared at you from every corner of every street, and which actually followed you into your own house,—it sometimes happened that you fancied you would like to expand a trifle, according to your own national or otherwise inherited lights; to be mildly spontaneous in fact; not necessarily at the expense of your neighbour, but just to keep yourself from getting stiff and angular. If you had any such fancy as this, however, the sooner you got over it the better, and the best way of getting over the disastrous leaning toward the spontaneous in life, was to read a few pages out of the police regulations, these being not only available to all, but being rather pressed upon your individual notice. Having read, you were likely to lose some of your misplaced gaiety, for "what a German may not do" was singularly confounding. You could not move your modest lares and penates even across the street without asking the permission of the police, a permission strictly withheld unless full and adequate reasons were forthcoming; the cleaning of your own kitchen chimney was a matter of strict police control; you might not dismiss any servant, no matter what she had done, except under certain given conditions, and even then you had to be so careful and so guarded in what you said, that it often amounted to saying nothing at all; a bull-dog (if you owned one) must be led, when walking abroad, on a leash exactly 16 centimetres long; if you chanced to break a bottle in the street, you had to assemble and then remove the fragments of glass according to the most approved police methods; if you wished to stand still for a brief moment on the pavement, while let us say, you opened your hand-bag to take out your purse, you must be careful that the police did not catch you taking up more than the space permitted you by the authorities (so many square feet), and so on, *ad infinitum*. As an English resident of that period wrote: "It is, in fact, easy to discover by simple subtraction, what, if anything, a German may do",

adding that, owing to the vast number of police regulations, it might safely be calculated that the detailed enforcement of each and every one of these laws would be quite impossible unless "all the inhabitants were policemen save one." There really seemed little exaggeration in this statement.

"Supervision" was one of the key-notes of life in Germany. That was all right within reason, but the Germans never left anything whatever to the imagination, no doubt because they have found, through the long centuries, that they cannot ordinarily trust themselves to supply that most valuable and useful commodity. I give but one instance in my own experience, an experience which I well remember, and which at the time enraged me, though now it appears ludicrous enough. Returning home one day, I let myself in at my front door, unnoticed by my maid, who was busy preparing lunch in the kitchen, and passing to the rear of my flat where my bedroom was, I was very much astonished and exceedingly displeased to find two perfectly strange men, in a kind of fatigue uniform which I did not recognize, on their hands and knees on the floor, so busily occupied doing something that only one of them took the trouble to look up to give me an indifferent and fleeting glance—the kind of glance he would give had he seen a domesticated cat or dog walk in.

"What are you doing here in my apartment?" I exclaimed, indignantly, "you have had neither order nor permission to enter it."

The only response I received was another fleeting glance from the man who had had the consideration to notice my presence when I first came in, with the added civility that he raised one hand as though he would say: "Please don't disturb us. Can't you see that we are busy," while he went on, in a measured tone, counting something out loud, for the benefit of his companion, "—*sieben, acht, neun, zehn*," etc.

This was too much for me, and I walked over to the bell and rang it savagely, several times. My little maid came running, anxiety written on her face.

"What does this mean, Bertha?" I asked. "How dare you admit these men without my orders?"

The two undesirables, having apparently finished their counting, now stood up on their several feet, and the spokesman, looking at me, this time with less indifference, in fact with some surprise, said (as though he were telling me something which any idiot ought to know):

"Why, we are the police."

"The police!" I exclaimed, taken aback; but seeing that neither of the intruders appeared to think himself the very least in the wrong, I turned to my maid (a nice, kindly little person she was): "Bertha," I appealed, "what *is* it all about? I feel as though the whole lot of us had lost our minds."

"But," protested Bertha incredulously, speaking to me, of course, in the third person, as all well trained servants do; making use also of a specially deferential form of address, "doesn't the *gnädigste* know that the police come regularly to measure the size of rooms, and to find out how many people sleep in one room? Over-crowding is *polizeilich verboten.*"

"Well upon my word!" I thought to myself, "here's clock-work indeed. Each individual allotted by the Government an exact number of square feet in which he may sleep, and he may not contract this space by allowing the allotted space of anyone else to encroach upon it. It makes one think of a well organized and commodiously planned cemetery, or something of that sort." Then aloud to Bertha, "Even if they *are* the all-powerful police, don't they so much as find out beforehand whether more than one person lives in a flat? And don't they enquire when and if it would be convenient to have them come?"

"Oh, but," answered Bertha, simply, "the *gnädigste* must surely know that with us Germans the police come whenever and as often as it suits them, and we always make them welcome."

All this may seem to have little to do with the World War, but as a matter of fact it has much to do with it,—it was one of the "straws"; for while supervision within reason is, no doubt, an excellent and wholly necessary thing, the abuse of authority is, sooner or later, almost certain to prove disastrous. So far as I can remember, this overbearing, inquisitorial officialdom, had one marked result: it inspired among the people at large, little of the spirit of willing co-operation. It was arid conscription at its worst. They obeyed because they were forced to obey, not because, at all costs, they wanted to do so. Really it amounted to little more than an unintelligent surrender to the "Jack-in-office". More and more did they appear to be intimidated by the very officials whom they were supposed to have elected, and finally, which is the crux, they came to believe every word these officials told them,—a curiously marked trait among the rank and file of the German people. We know the results of this during the War; they did as they were told to do by those above them, whether it were to sing songs of hate, or to commit atrocities. Of course one may argue that if the heart be sound, one does *not* believe certain things to be right which obviously are not right; one recoils instinctively from those things; but there are certain kinds of poison which do not kill immediately; they travel slowly but with a deadly persistence through the veins, and are not discovered until it is too late; until the whole system is paralyzed.

As a matter of actual fact, however, the police were a negligible part of official Germany, and while the resident was constantly being made aware of them, much to his annoyance as in the experience I have just related, one began to realize that the "straight jacket" policy of the police was merely a local reflection of something that was going on in the upper regions of the Government. So one began to climb, because one wanted to see what it was all about. One began to look into the schools, into the universities, into the churches, and it became a matter of some surprise to the uninitiated, that everything was the State,—and this quite literally. "*L'État, c'est moi,*" said *le Roi Soleil*, carrying the philosophy a step farther,—but he was not a Prussian, and the "State" I am now speaking of was not just "the Government", it was Prussia and the Prussian spirit. So one discovered that the

universities and the churches were, each in its own way, a kind of political propaganda bureau; that university professors and clergymen, being all State officials, took the most surprising oaths when they came into office,—oaths which amounted to a promise that, no matter what they were told to say or do by the State, they would say and do that thing obediently; that they would never do anything which even questioned the action of the State (much less could they criticize it) in any way whatsoever. If they were true to their oaths, they could neither teach nor preach what they might consider to be reform, of any sort. They could only teach or preach what was approved and dictated by Prussia. Even the mildest criticism might lead to discharge and disgrace. In return for the oaths taken, the State gave them a social prestige which they would not otherwise have had, for it understood well the value of bribes, and it knew that, to the average German, a title of any sort was a most coveted prize, and that to sell their freedom of speech was little when compared with what they gained in personal importance. One has but to remember the part which the German professors and clergymen (admittedly representing national ideals) played during the War; their unanimous and noisy justification of it, and of the atrocities which followed in its wake, and the entire support which was in consequence received from the German people,—to realize what it meant: the universities and churches were controlled by the State (or Prussia), and the people were controlled by the universities and the churches.

In the schools one found the same spirit, schoolmasters being also servants of the Government, and the State being exalted to such an extent that, by imperceptible degrees, it came almost literally to replace God. Religious teaching consisted in the worship of the State rather than the worship of God; the Fatherland first, God second. It was a form of Treitschke's teaching: "The State is above Morality." "The crime against children" in Germany, was much written about and discussed during the War; in retrospect one can see the slow poison at work. The "hate songs", as such, had not yet begun in the schools, it is true, but the foundation for them was being well prepared, and obviously with intention. "Incubated hate" had begun, and presently it would be hatched out. The teaching in the schools would have been really curious, had it not been worse, for in strange and indirect ways, by means both of history and geography, a child, from the moment he went to school, was taught that all nations (but especially England) were enemies of Germany; if not enemies in the open, then lurking ones. England was the arch enemy; France, though "degenerate", was the traditional enemy, and must be *watched*. In fact Germany, even in the schoolroom, began to build up that horrible "wall" which was eventually to separate her from the rest of the world. Anti-British and anti-French songs were sedulously taught, and "Sedan Day" with its celebrations, had a peculiar spite,—it was somewhat like the later "Lusitania School Festival", only it was in pre-War guise. This is to mention but a part of the State propaganda.

The poison was certainly working, for gradually a hideous statistical fact

was brought to the attention of the public. It came to be recognized that there were more youthful suicides in Germany than anywhere else in the world. I think few people who have not lived there can realize either the rapidity with which the "fashion" for it grew, or the extent of its practice. Some people attributed it to overwork; others to a growing rebellion against any of life's saner restrictions. The worst, the most repellent feature, however, was the manner in which suicide was usually condoned if not actually defended. To the Englishman, suicide is a simple tragedy, and a coroner's jury will almost invariably pass a verdict that the act was committed "while temporarily insane", because it is inconceivable, no matter what the hidden motives, that a man would take his own life under any other conditions, the mere act constituting the insanity. In Germany, however, suicide was not viewed in any such unscientific light as this, and no such unadorned conclusion as "insanity" seemed to satisfy the public mind. The full pathological explanations were both diligently sought and explicitly given, and in nine cases out of ten, the unfortunate one was shown to have taken his life in order to avoid the disgrace which would have been the consequence of some serious offence. The point is, however, that few seemed to think any the worse of him for having seized this sure means of escaping justice. I well remember the first rude awakening I had. I was talking one day to a German acquaintance, about the young son of a friend of his. The boy had been found guilty of forgery, and had, according to the prevailing custom, shot himself.

"How terrible!" I exclaimed, deeply shocked at the news. "How could he do such a thing?"

"Terrible?" repeated my German acquaintance, "Why terrible?"

"You surely are not advocating suicide," I protested.

"In such a case as this, of course I am," he replied, earnestly, "think of the boy's honour."

"Honour!" I echoed, surprised in my turn. "Do you call it honour to end your life rather than to 'face the music' and take the consequences of your own acts?"

"But he did 'face the music', as you call it; what more do you ask,—he faced death."

"Oh, that,—that's easy," I exclaimed, "but it is not easy to drag through years of shame and disgrace in payment for your misdeeds."

He looked at me with Teutonic stubbornness,—have you ever tried to argue with the average German? His idea of argument is to talk louder and faster than you do, to drown you out, in fact, so that you shut your mouth in sheer despair, or disgust. He thus gets the last word, and that shows that you are wrong and he is right. It is merely another form of the "mailed fist". So this particular German looked at me sullenly, a dark flush spreading slowly over his broad, rather unwholesome face, and I saw the storm clouds gather. The storm broke.

"You don't understand us," he blazed, rather brutally. "You don't understand our national ideas."

There followed a long and morbid defence of suicide as the justifiable solution when faced with an embarrassing problem, and this led to the unfolding of a neat philosophy of life in general, which amounted to this: why meet and go through with an obviously unpleasant and (to oneself) unprofitable situation, when by a little intelligent handling one can circumnavigate it, and so avoid the unpleasant consequences? Honour? What is that? Honour is based on a purely sliding scale of morals, and what is honour to-day is not honour to-morrow. Why follow another's idea of honour, when you can form your own? Almost anything will turn out to be right if you can bring the situation in hand to a successful conclusion. This, in substance, was his philosophy; it was almost as baldly and shamelessly stated as that, and unfortunately, as is not infrequently true in such cases, it held its "grain of truth," though this was wantonly misapplied. The worst part of the situation, however, was that the man who spoke was wholly representative. Years later, when a certain "scrap of paper" was torn up, I remembered this conversation with its easy philosophy, and the "scrap of paper" episode was not so difficult to understand.

In addition to the universities, the churches and the schools, there was, of course, the military side of life. One could hardly be in Germany and remain either oblivious or indifferent to that; for even if outrages like the Carlsruhe horror had not come to shock us into attention, the army was always with us, as difficult to escape as the police,—a little more so. To exaggerate the sharp line of cleavage that existed between army and civilian life, would be almost impossible: the haughtiness, the air of condescension with which the army treated the rest of the world; the insufferable manner in which this sense of superiority was paraded. You could not ride in a crowded street-car without running the danger of being pushed rudely to one side by some faultlessly attired officer, who might fancy that he preferred your precarious foothold to his own. No military tactics were necessary; your position was simply commandeered because the army wanted it. If you were in a shop, and were half way through the purchase of a month's supply of groceries, and some mere mess-sergeant came in to buy a loaf of bread, the chances were that *you* waited, while the German army got itself served in the person of the mess-sergeant, without delay. It was just an accepted fact —almost anything in an army uniform of whatever rank, took precedence of any civilian, of whatever rank.

The army afforded much that was interesting, however, for there was, of course, always the local military programme, well calculated to appeal to the public imagination. There was the daily change of guard at noon, in front of the Royal Palace, where the outgoing and the incoming guard "goose stepped" itself proudly before an admiring crowd, invariably assembled to watch the proceedings. A military band always played on these occasions, adding its brassy note of glamour, and acting as a kind of resounding harmonic halo for the army. There were also the regimental drills, when, across the local parade grounds, whole companies could be seen marching

and wheeling, advancing with the famous German "long step", or at a quick run, as though in a surprise attack. There were, too, the "preliminary training exercises" in barracks, like the "side shows" at a circus, and to which, sometimes, under certain special conditions, a stranger would be admitted. I recall being taken one day to watch bayonet practice. It was thought that as a foreigner, I should be interested. I was! We sat in a kind of balcony which overhung the bare space below, where the privates were receiving instruction. When a raw recruit is first given his rifle, he is, of course, required to learn the use of every part of it, and if the energy and enthusiasm which was displayed that morning, were any criterion, I should think that there was no other part of the rifle which appealed so much to the imagination of the raw recruit. The skill and dexterity which two contestants particularly displayed, made my blood run cold. There seemed to be nothing they could not do with that flashing, cruel steel, and I thought of those words of the witty, if perfidious Talleyrand: "*On peut tout faire avec les baïonnettes excepté s'y asseoir.*" I could not help inwardly thanking heaven that the recruit who was getting the worst of the fight, was not a Frenchman or an Englishman (for that fight seemed horribly real); but of course I did not voice my sentiments on that occasion—one was always too much on one's guard not to give the Germans the satisfaction of imagining that one thought the French or the English *could* be bayoneted into a ditch.

Then there were the great spring manœuvres—the moving of troops, and every kind of military display to dazzle our civilian eyes—when one became painfully aware of the deadly efficiency of the German army; of its marvellous organization. Yet even in those pre-War days, I never could manage, in any talk I had, to discover that a true idealism animated it. Proud as the officers were of their army, and proud as the men in the ranks seemed to be of their officers, something always was lacking, and this puzzled me, knowing what a splendid army it was. When I tried to compare it, from the point of view of ideals, with the armies of other nations which I knew, it always fell short. To the Frenchman, for instance, the military life is a consecrated one, and warfare to him, means the fine essence of something beyond and above mere brute cudgelling; it is a romance perhaps even more than a career and I do not think that the Frenchman ever wholly loses the sense of this. But the German, so far as I could see, approached his military service in an utterly different spirit. He did not turn to it because he loved it for itself, nor because it had an irresistible attraction for him; but because it opened to him many things which he would not otherwise have had,—power and social position for example. This, so it seemed to me, was true of the officers; even, perhaps, in lesser degree, of the non-commissioned officers. The private, with no brilliant future possible to him, and no idealism to keep him afloat, appeared always to manifest a strange lack of enthusiasm which, no doubt, made him a serviceable part of the "machine", so long as the machine ran smoothly, but of little use, because so lacking in individual fire, once the machine began to run down, and personal bravery, or the assumption of per-

sonal responsibility, became necessary. I do not, of course, mean that the German seemed to me to lack *all* the qualities of the soldier (that would indeed have been a blind miscalculation), but I never could see that he had the higher, the essential, the refining ones; and even in those days, the attitude of the officer toward his men, appeared to me revolting. The men in the ranks, whole regiments of them, were just "cannon fodder" long before the World War.

Of course we all read von Bernhardi's *Germany and the Next War*, when that literary high-explosive burst on our dozing minds, and it was soon evident that "World Power or Downfall" had become a kind of slogan even with Germans in civil life who did not know much of what they were talking about. From von Moltke, "the Battle-thinker", to von Bernhardi, "the Hate-breeder", was a very long step, but the step had been taken. It would, I think, be hard to find a better example of the crude inversion of an ideal than von Bernhardi's deliberate choice of Goethe's words (words written with such noble intent) to justify his philosophy: "Only he deserves freedom and life who is compelled to conquer them daily." No wonder that a few years later came another perversion, a new kind of slogan: "Only through hate can the greatest obstacles of life be overcome."

It is difficult to describe this growing spirit of hate that one felt creeping into everything, like a poisonous vapour.

"What is the matter with Germany?" we foreign residents used to ask each other. "It isn't a scrap what it used to be. Do you suppose it really does mean war—one day?"

Few of us, however, seemed willing or able to define the trouble; yet we knew that the trouble was there, lurking,—animosity, jealousy, bitterness. When the Kaiser, referring to the rapidly growing navy, said: "Our future lies upon the sea", and "We need this fleet to protect us from arrogance", we knew, of course, that his words were directed primarily against England. But arrogance! What about von Bernhardi's words: "We are the greatest civilized people known to history"; or Georg Fuchs': "We must mould the entire mechanism of modern civilization, *as it ought to be*, in German form", and many other such sentiments, loudly expressed? What about the Society for Promoting Germanism? What about the Colonial Association, with its ill-concealed aim—world domination? What about the German Navy League which had over one million members, whose sole object seemed to be to excite the entire nation by propaganda of all sorts,—through the press, by lectures, by sermons, by specially arranged excursions to different ports where ships already afloat or still under construction could be inspected? Von Tirpitz, "the most dangerous mischief maker in Europe", as he was described abroad, was, of course, the prime mover in the Navy League, and through its organ, *Die Flotte*, the public nerves were made to quiver at the merest mention of the "British Menace", which appeared to loom like a black cloud on the horizon of the national destiny.

Then there was that angle of life which came under the general head of

"Kultur", that word of horror, so associated in later years with all that was most bestial during the War; for Kultur did not mean just "cultivated tastes", "higher education", etc.; it meant the whole mentality and morality of the nation; all that the nation stood for,—in fact, its "ideals". "Germany *means* culture," said the Kaiser, and, parrot-wise, the whole German world repeated: "Germany *means* culture." And they really thought it. So self-hypnotized had they become that they found it difficult to admit that any other nation had made serious contributions to the civilized world; there was an astonishing lack of sympathy, or even ability to see noteworthy progress outside of Germany. This was so, perhaps more especially, in the matter of science; anything worth while could always be traced to German influence, —and it always was. There was almost a ludicrous side when it came to literature, for everyone, from Shakespeare to Bernard Shaw, seemed to have sought and found his particular source of inspiration in Germany,—that, of course, accounted for each one's genius. But their own contemporary drama! Many of us who were foreign residents stopped going to the theatres, so utterly vile had most of the plays become. From the early Hauptmann to the later Wedekind, was too much for us. The most pathological subjects were the most popular; suicide to escape a just punishment (and the act was always justified), murder,—everything abnormal. The world was beginning to be turned up-side-down. The German evidently hungered for all such subjects; nothing was too degenerate, and all were looked upon as absorbingly interesting phases of human psychology, which could bear and which even needed the closest, most detailed analysis. Yet all seemed to be without any elements which could legitimately recommend them, save to pathologists; and these plays were repeated, night after night, to crowded houses, from which children were by no means absent. The less said about this, the better. What was to be found on the stage, was equally to be found in most of the other forms of art or amusement. Picture exhibitions became a kind of nightmare, for you never knew what you would see. The music of the day became, for the most part, unbearable,—blatant, soulless. Public lectures, always a popular kind of "entertainment" in Germany, were becoming veritable "pulpits of hate".

Of course there were some voices raised against the growing evil. Maximilian Harden, inveighing against the Kaiser and against Kultur, all in one breath, was a most refreshing experience for us; and men like Schiffer, who declared that the form of Government most needed was "that we shall be governed less than now, . . . we are in danger of being suffocated by all the love and care bestowed upon us,"—outbursts like this amused us, but naturally they did not do much toward diminishing the trouble. Then, too, there was the growing rift between the North and the South. Sober-minded men like Prince Hohenlohe (South), declared openly that Prussia cared only for the Empire in so far as Prussia itself was allowed absolutely to control it; while Prince von Bülow (North), answered that without Prussia and the Prussian spirit, the Empire could not exist at all. "Prussia is a nation of

soldiers and officials", he explained, affably. Meantime, although the South Germans continued to protest that they had no intention of being converted into Prussians, the most casual observer, if sufficiently detached, could easily see that that was exactly what was happening.

So the monstrous war machine continued to take shape, while little by little, and stone by stone, Germany built up, between herself and the world, that impassable "wall" of hatred and envy, which was to result for her in complete moral isolation. Systematic teaching to the effect that Germany was "at bay", and must "fight her way out", increased throughout the country. By never-ceasing propaganda, instigated by the State, public sentiment was raised to white heat against Great Britain especially, because of the "iron ring" which she was supposed to be forging in order to strangle Germany's free and legitimate expansion. It was a most extraordinary obsession, a curious mixture of that arrogance of which they accused England, and of a besetting fear lest their "place in the sun" should not be secured. If you asked any educated German why he was so anxious about that "place in the sun", his explanation generally was: "You see we Germans have a lofty mission in the world; we must carry our culture to the farthest ends of the earth, for it is the highest culture that ever has been or ever will be known, and the world must be made to see this, even if force be necessary. The salvation of the world really depends upon Germany."

I used sometimes to ask: "But are you sure that the world *wants* to be converted to your culture?"

"The world does not yet know what it wants; it is our great mission to teach it; it must be *made* to see."

It did not require much sagacity to pierce the transparent mask; to recognize, underneath these grandiloquent words, the spirit of contempt which animated them,—contempt of everything not German; and one thought to oneself: "Do they really imagine that by contempt you can convert a world? It is conquest, not conversion which they want. It is contempt, not sympathy which they offer." There was a brief but telling comment by a Frenchman about this time; a Frenchman still kindly enough disposed, and endeavouring to see the best; yet this is what he was compelled to write: "*J'ai essayé maintes fois de découvrir chez l'Allemand une sympathie quelconque pour d'autres nations; je n'y ai pas réussi.*"

From England came the ringing voice of Lord Roberts, warning the world of the terrible danger ahead; Lord Kitchener's voice, too, stern and steady like his own great self, urged "preparedness". Yet, even with the coming horror staring us in the face, how few of us really listened! How little we really saw! We read of "Bobs' Citizen Army", and most of us thought: "What a splendid idea!"—and got no farther. I remember being in London for a few weeks in the spring of 1909, and going to the first night of Guy du Maurier's "An Englishman's Home". As I look back, I recall distinctly that the chief response of the audience to the sudden and terrible "foreign invasion" of English soil which the play presents, was one of huge amusement.

Invade England? Impossible! Ridiculous! . . . . Could we have looked forward a few years to those agonizing days during the retreat from Mons, how differently we should have felt.

The German cauldron boiled on, throwing up to the surface first one surprise, then another. We had lived through Austria's annexation of Bosnia, knowing, the while, that Germany was somewhere in the offing; we had raised our eyebrows at Berlin's Russian thrust; but I think it was the Kaiser's third and last "gesture" which shook the foreign residents still lingering in Munich, out of some of their ruts. French sympathisers, as many of us were at heart, the news of the "Panther" shocked and alarmed us, and we read with indignation of its wanderings. When, a little later, maps, printed in Berlin, began to be circulated—maps making as clear as daylight the undiminished German colonial ambition in Morocco, this being nothing less than a stab in the back at France; when, added to this, we heard that Germany was actually demanding "compensation" from France,—many of us knew that the final hour of choice had come, and it was not long after the Agadir trouble, that I packed my household gods, paid my last visit to the police, and, with few regrets, turned my back on Germany.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

That man is purified who, repenting for his sins, refraineth from them, saying, "I shall never commit them again."—MANU.

DANTE SKETCHES

JUST what Beatrice signifies in the *Divine Comedy* has concerned hosts of commentators and interpreters throughout six centuries. The very multiplicity of their readings convinced the authoress of a recent attractively printed and engagingly written little book,[1] that "the truth was yet to be found" (p. 4). With this statement most people would agree, while grateful, nevertheless, for any serious effort to reduce the mass of opinion to order, and derive from it some light pertinent to our present-day modes of thought. Dante's was very much a mind of his age—hard, therefore, for us to read easily, who know little of medieval philosophy and less of scholastic theology. But Dante was also a great poet; and his greatness lies, not merely in the majesty of his creative imagination and the beauty of his verse, but in the spiritual depth and universal reach of his symbols. He may be read in many ways, and we find in him what we seek. His stature exceeds the limit of our ordinary vision, and if we really companion him, we find ourselves, truly, in another world, with reason, wise counsel, and divine illumination for our guides.

Beatrice has been held to represent faith, grace, charity, theology, wisdom, and Dante's own soul, under the guise of a divinely-human woman. Miss Hillard wrote of her as Wisdom, personified as in the Book of Wisdom, and able to lead Dante to the highest good. Mrs. Baldwin, recoiling from the legendary Beatrice of flesh and blood, insists that Dante himself, in the *Convivio*, "pleads to be exempt from all imputations of a love for delight of the senses, averring that his love was for truth and virtue" (p. 13). Again, he says in the *De Vulgari Eloquentia* that, "while others write of love and war, he writes of rectitude and the guidance of the will" (p. 14). Beatrice, therefore, who "imparadises" Dante's mind, who was his "beatitude," the "end" of all his desires, and who resembled in her person "the Word that took flesh and dwelt among us," the "Power and Wisdom that opened the way between heaven and earth,"—such a Beatrice was no ordinary woman, but, in scholastic phrase, a "pure idea."

What, however, was the full content of Dante's own conception of her? What was her special function in an ordered scheme of salvation, where the ascent of the soul to God had been so carefully mapped that every state of consciousness was registered and set in its proper place, while divine operations, as well as human qualities, were subject to the closest analysis and classification?

Here Mrs. Baldwin, with simple frankness, takes us into her confidence.

[1] *The New Beatrice or The Virtue That Counsels*, by Gratia Eaton Baldwin; Columbia University Press, 1928.

She tells us how she sought the answers to these questions through a wealth of scholastic reading, which few people to-day have the energy to undertake, convinced that Dante had no vague or general conception, but that his own mind was burning to convey a great truth, if we could but grasp his meaning. She gives us in rapid survey the gist of her studies, and the final synthesis to which she was brought. Her contribution has about it a refreshing absence of scholarly pedantry; and as it affords a valuable glimpse into the workings of Dante's mind, we shall use her thought to elaborate our own, offering therewith our small tribute of gratitude and appreciation.

For Dante, free-will was "the greatest gift God bestowed upon human nature," for by it "we reach happiness here as men, and blessedness there as gods" (*De Monarchia*, Book I). But free-will itself can be directed by judgment as well as by either desires or reason; and it is as the judgment directs that the will should operate. When judgment abdicates, then desires control the will, either directly, or through a chain of reasoning based on no more than the changing and dissolving premises of appetite. Dante puts into the mouth of Marco Lombardo (*Purg.* XVI) the wise statement that it is when we are "subject to a better nature, though free," that a new mind is created in us. This mind the heavens do not control, leaving to us that act of creation so necessary to our spiritual growth and salvation. The need, therefore, for right leadership of the will, by a right judgment, "inflamed the poet's soul" (p. 25), and it was *la mala condotta* "that makes the world blind, and not human nature that in man may be corrupted."

It is Beatrice who supplies for Dante this right leadership or judgment, this "better nature" to which he could become, of his own free-will, subject, and so have a new and heavenly mind formed in him. Beatrice "manifested herself by her counselling power. . . . Indeed, no part could be assigned to her that so well defined her function in the *Divina Commedia* as that of winnowing out all evil and gathering all good loves into the one sovereign desire of his heart for his Creator" (pp. 29–30).

This distinction that the right exercise of our faculty of free-will depends upon our ability to form right judgment, is not one current in the thinking of the day. Aristotle in his *Ethics* defines free-will as "choice based on counsel," and adds that the principle of counsel is an intellectual principle higher than our intellect. St. Augustine complements this thought with a penetrating phrase: "Man by abusing free-will loses both himself and it." To-day, people confuse *free judgment* (*liberum arbitrium*) with *free-will* (*libera voluntas*). In the *De Monarchia*, Dante points out that the principle of our human liberty lies not so much in mere free-will, as in a liberty of judgment "which many have on their lips, but few in their intellects." "If," he writes, "the judgment wholly moves the will [*appetitus:* in our phrase, Kama-manas] and in no way is anticipated by it, then judgment [one aspect of Buddhi] is free; if on the other hand the judgment is moved by the will and in some way is anticipated by it, it cannot be free, for it does not act of itself, but is dragged captive by another." There is an illuminating phrase of the Master Christ,

recorded in the *Gospel of Nicodemus*, which throws a wealth of light on just this distinction between will and judgment, and which is quoted here in full:

Pilate saith to him, What is truth?

Jesus said, Truth is from heaven.

Pilate said, Therefore truth is not on earth.

Jesus said to Pilate, Believe that truth is on earth among those, who *when they have the power of judgment*, are *governed by truth*, and *form right judgment* (iii, 11–14).

Free-will, therefore, seen truly, is not "a choice based on counsel, but a choice submitted to counsel" (p. 43), for Dante had written: "The incontinent man and even the penitent are not friends of themselves; for their will is at variance with their reason. They are blind, for they know what is right, but do not act in accordance with right judgment." So, in the words of our author: "The agent is not a will preferring good to evil. The agent is an intellect, illuminated and actualized by truth [Manas impregnated by Buddhi], instilling its power into the will. It is giving up a false freedom for a true. It is the joyful surrender of a faculty which may lead to death, to a vision which leads to truth and life. Man's freedom is not in knowing that, although he embraced the good, he could have followed the evil. His freedom is rather in knowing that in that power of choice is his bondage. Man cannot establish his own righteousness, for his righteousness is in being subject to God" (p. 43).

This is a subtile and far-reaching idea. The possession, and in the ordinary sense, the exercise of free-will is not merely a responsibility and therefore a possible source of danger, but a bondage, unless freely aligned with the Universal Will. The Allegory of the *Divine Comedy* shows Dante, his will opposed to the Divine Will, descending into Hell, and seeing reflected there all the degrees of consciousness, or states of being, in which free-will in rebellion against God's will expresses itself. Led by natural reason, personified by the Pagan Virgil, he turns about,—reverses himself as it were—and, escaping from Hell, ascends the Mountain of Purgatory, each terrace depicting an additional degree of surrendered free-will, until the Terrestrial Paradise is reached. There he is capable of higher attainment; and with will purified, Beatrice, or right judgment grounded in Truth, leads him nearer and nearer to that Divine Wisdom which is at once the Wisdom of God (*Theou-Sophia*) and the Power of God (*Theou-dunamis*). The will thus released in Dante is of an altogether higher order. "This will," writes Madame Blavatsky, in another context, in *Isis* (Vol. I, p. 285), "proceeds from an intelligence that cannot err, for it has nothing of the material organs of *human* thought in it, being the superfine pure emanation of the highest divinity itself—(Plato's 'Father') it proceeds from the beginning of time, according to immutable laws, to evolve the elementary fabric requisite for subsequent generations of what we call the human race"—remembering that by "human" the occultist means St. Paul's heavenly man, not the half-animal, half-human worldling of to-day,—or Dante as he was in the *Paradiso*, not the Dante of the *Inferno* or even the *Purgatorio*.

This allegorical teaching of Dante has an interesting parallel in the old myth of Prometheus. The Titan accepts free-will, because with it and with it alone, he can become as God. Prometheus is "the symbol of finite reason and free-will (of intellectual humanity, or the higher aspect of *Manas*)," writes Madame Blavatsky; and again: "The *Crucified* Titan is the personified symbol of the collective Logos, the 'Host', and of the 'Lords of Wisdom', or the HEAVENLY MAN, who incarnated in Humanity. . . . For the Host that incarnated in a portion of humanity, though led to it by Karma or *Nemesis*, preferred free-will to passive slavery, intellectual self-conscious pain and even torture—'while myriad time shall flow'—to inane, imbecile, instinctual beatitude. Knowing such incarnation was premature and not in the programme of nature, the heavenly host, 'Prometheus', still sacrificed itself to benefit thereby, at least, one portion of mankind. But while saving man from mental darkness, they inflicted upon him the tortures of the self-consciousness of his responsibility—the result of his free-will—besides every ill to which mortal man and flesh are heir. This torture Prometheus [that is, we, in our higher manasic natures] accepted for himself, since the Host became henceforward blended with the tabernacle prepared for them, which was still unachieved at that period of formation" (*Secret Doctrine*, 1st ed. II, 412, n., 413, 421). So, as Dante in Purgatory by Beatrice, the chained Titan, Prometheus "is released by his heaven-appointed deliverer, Herakles," the " 'Only-Begotten One,' and the Saviour" (cf. *Isis*, II, 515). Was it poetic instinct, or a wisdom in truth not of this world, that caused Dante daringly to characterize his Beatrice as resembling "the Word that took flesh and dwelt among us," the "Power and Wisdom that opened the way between heaven and earth"?

Right judgment, therefore, or the "virtue that counsels," is one aspect, and an important one, of Dante's conception of Beatrice; and when man's free-will is turned towards the divine—toward "the stars," and is purified from the coarser taints and entanglements of worldliness and self, seeking the Truth for its own sake, then right judgment ("right discrimination") alone will admit him to the adytum of a higher fane.

MARION HALE.

Every man stamps his own value upon himself, and we are great or little according to our own will.—SMILES.

CHHANDOGYA UPANISHAD

PART I, SECTIONS 7–13

INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT

IF we remember that this great Upanishad was in a special degree intended for the instruction of young disciples preparing for Initiation, we shall the more readily understand the two contrasting elements which make up the part at present translated. For these disciples, spiritual teaching, steadily rising in significance and penetration, step by step including the great principles of the spiritual universe; and, because they were young disciples, with this deeper instruction a strain of humorous incidents, offering genuine entertainment for youthful spirits, yet ever pushing the frontier of their knowledge forward into the great realms they were preparing to enter.

The parts which are more directly and evidently instructive are all correlated with a single theme, with which we must assume these youthful disciples to have been, through preliminary studies, already familiar: namely, the chants of the Sama Veda, which were, in purpose and in fact, magical incantations, depending for their potency on the correlations of sounds, and particularly the sounds of the human voice, with powers which we may describe as electrical. As we have already seen, the greater part of the Sama Veda—the Veda of Chants—consists of lines of the Rig Veda selected, we may suppose, for the quality of their vowels, and their adaptability to certain types of magical singing or intoning. In a sense, then, the Sama chant is already present in the Rig verse as an ensouling power; in this sense, the Sama is the inspiring force, the soul within the Rig verse.

It was, therefore, altogether natural and appropriate to take this relation between the Rig verse and the Sama chant as the type, or illustration, of a power or energy, within a vesture, as, for example, the power of physical vitality is within the vesture or vehicle of the physical body. So on this theme the lesson of the young disciples is strung.

The Voice, we are told, is the Rig verse; the Life is the Sama chant. The Voice here stands as the type of the physical powers of action, which include also the activities of the hands and the movements of the body, as in walking. The Voice, then, is ensouled by the Life; or, more generally, the powers exercised through the physical organs are ensouled by the living force which distinguishes the body in life, from the body after death. Just as the Sama chant rests upon the Rig verse, which furnishes its outer form, so the Life finds its activity through the physical organs of action. But the two, the ensouling force, and the organic form, are throughout life blended in one, and work harmoniously together; they are like the two parts, Sa and Ama, which blend together to form the single word Sama.

So with the physical power of Vision, the instrument of seeing, which is the foremost of our perceptive powers. There is, on the one hand, the organ of seeing, the eye. There is, on the other hand, the living power of the Seer, which is withdrawn in coma, or in death, though the physical organ remains intact.

In the same way there is the physical organ of hearing, and there is the Mind, which listens to the report of outer things coming through the ear, and translates them into mental impressions, into thoughts.

Then we come back again to the eye, with still more detail. There is the whiteness of the eyeball, and the brightness of the cornea, the convex lens in the forepart of the eyeball. With this is contrasted the indigo-coloured retina, beyond the dark interior of the eye; the sensitive layer which receives the image of outer things, like the sensitized film in a camera.

The Person seen within the eye may be interpreted in two ways: either as the reflection of oneself in the eye of another, or, better, as the sense of the perceiving self within one's own eye, when we are reflectively conscious of the act of seeing. This common experience is used to fasten the attention of the disciple on the perceiving self within him; and, once he has been made aware of this perceiving self, his perception of it is deepened, once more by an appeal to his familiar knowledge of the Sama chant. Just as there are the Sama chant, the intoned Sentence, the Formula of sacrifice, the prayer of Aspiration, so there are, within the perceiving self, deeper and deeper layers, leading backward and upward to the Highest Self. And, in the last analysis, the perceiving self and the Highest Self are one; the form of this is the form of That; the two songs of That, in manifestation and in withdrawal, are the two songs of this; the name of That, Atma, is the name of this.

So the teaching is directed to render the disciple conscious, first, of the perceiving self in all its activities, as a unity; then to raise his consciousness to the deeper Self within. He is to realize that, just as hand and eye and ear are organs of the perceiving self, so that perceiving self is the organ of the deeper Self within. And by this realization he attains a twofold victory: through the perceiving self, guided and inspired by the deeper Self, he conquers this world and the worlds which are below it; and through the deeper Self he wins the worlds above, the worlds of the Bright Powers. He is Lord of the song of divine desires who, thus knowing, sings the chant.

We come next to the story of the three, who were excellent in singing the Loud Chant Song. It is a part of what we have called the entertainment of the youthful disciples. It is a vivid and amusing dialogue; it carries a definite spiritual meaning; and, thirdly, it does not markedly redound to the glorification of the priestly Brahmans.

Shilaka and Chaikitayana are definitely described as Brahmans. The third person is, by implication of his own speech, not a Brahman. Another story in this same Upanishad tells us more of him: he was a Rajanya, or Rajput, he was a King, he was an Initiate.

The two young Brahmans, however, and here is the fine humour of the tale,

quite cheerfully and without question accepted his suggestion of their superiority, and began an instructive dialogue between themselves. But first the one, and then the other, soon reaches the end of his knowledge, and, threatened with the loss of his head, seeks safety in silence. Then the Rajput speaks. And we may, perhaps, see in what he says, a definite purpose. His answer is, in a sense, over the heads of the two young Brahmans, but it is intelligible to the young disciples for whom these teachings were designed, in virtue of what they have already been taught.

His answer is, that this World; this visible and palpable universe, rests in shining Ether, in the Light of the Logos; from the Logos it comes forth into manifestation; into the Logos it returns in withdrawal: a part, as we know, of the Secret Teaching.

So we may imagine the intuitive hearts of the young disciples lighting up with understanding. They have been entertained by a good story; they have learned a lesson of wisdom.

Then concerning the "progeny" of the disciple Udarashandilya: this word, as always, has a multiple meaning. First, the obvious one, of sons and grandsons; next, spiritual children, disciples and their disciples; then the future incarnations of Udarashandilya; and, still higher, the deeper layers of the Self, with their vestures, to which his spiritual life will lead him, until he enters into, and realizes his oneness with, the Supreme Self, the Eternal.

Then immediately follows another story, that of the poor wise man, Ushasti, and the wealthy Prince who has planned a great ceremony of sacrifice. Once more, we may note, the priestly Brahmans are treated with something less than veneration.

The motive of the story is worked out with humorous imagination. Hailstorms have laid waste the fields and gardens of the Kurus, so that even the rich man of the village has nothing left but a bowl of fruit. But, with the respect which the East has always rendered to devotees, he is ready to share this remnant of his store with the needy Ushasti. The dignity with which Ushasti refuses the offering of the water left in a half-empty drinking cup, saying that he can find water whenever he desires, is an entertaining touch in a vivid tale, but it is also something more. Food and water are universal symbols for bodily and mental experience, the elements which nourish the physical and psychical life. For the disciple, these elements are consecrated, as symbolized in the communion. The meaning in the story of Ushasti seems to be that, while he must share the common physical lot of mankind, he must guard the sources of his psychical life against contamination from the impure psychical atmosphere of the world. The devotion of the lady Atiki is, like similar pictures in the Upanishads, a charming feature of Oriental life.

We need not follow in detail the encounter of Ushasti with the Prince and his priestly Brahmans, but we should note that the thoughts of the youthful disciples, to whom the tale was told, are once more brought back to the hidden Power within material forms, to the Divinity that shapes our ends.

Then follows the canine Loud Chant Song, where the white dog and his

companions imitate the priestly Brahmans singing and winding about in serpentine dance: for the younger disciples, a highly entertaining tale, but for the older and more thoughtful students, another lesson in mystic symbolism.

We may remember that in Egypt, both Anubis and Set were dog-headed gods. Set was "the adversary", the reflection in matter of Osiris; Anubis was "the guardian of the dead", "the preparer of the way to the other world" (during initiation also). So, we may suppose, the process of transmutation is indicated, the circle of the dogs, and their invocation to the Divine Powers, representing, among other things, the aspiration of purified Kama and its at-one-ment with Buddhi. Since the "serpentine power" is called into activity in this transmutation, it is naturally represented here by the serpentine dance. Students of Dante will think of the greyhound in the first Canto of the *Inferno*, as a kindred symbol.

Then comes a short passage, more easily understood if we go back to the thought of the electrical potencies of sounds. The syllables enumerated may well be the elements of magical incantations.

VESTURES OF DIVINITY

And so concerning the Self. The Voice, verily, is the Rig verse; the Life is the Sama chant. This Sama chant rests upon the Rig verse. Therefore, the Sama chant is sung resting upon the Rig verse. The Voice is Sa; the Life is Ama. This makes Sama.

The power of Vision is the Rig Verse; the Self is the Sama chant. This Sama chant rests upon the Rig verse. Therefore, the Sama chant is sung resting upon the Rig verse. The power of Vision is Sa; the Self is Ama. This makes Sama.

The power of Hearing is the Rig verse; the Mind is the Sama chant. This Sama chant rests upon the Rig verse. Therefore, the Sama chant is sung resting upon the Rig verse. The power of Hearing is Sa; the Mind is Ama. This makes Sama.

And so the white brightness that is in the Eye is the Rig verse; the indigo-coloured beyond the black is the Sama chant. This Sama chant rests upon the Rig verse. Therefore, the Sama chant is sung resting upon the Rig verse. And so the white brightness that is in the eye is Sa; the indigo-coloured beyond the black is Ama. This makes Sama.

And so this Person who is seen within the eye is the Rig verse, he is the Sama chant, this is the intoned Sentence, this is the Formula of sacrifice, this is the prayer of Aspiration. That which is the form of this, is also the form of That. The two songs of That are the two songs of this; the name of That is the name of this.

Those worlds which are below this world, of them he is Lord, and of the desires of the sons of Man. And they who sing here with the lute sing Him; therefore they are conquerors of wealth.

He who, thus knowing this, chants the Sama, sings the praise of both;

through That, verily, he gains the worlds that are beyond that world, and the desires of the Bright Powers. And so through this he gains the worlds that are below this world, and the desires of the sons of Man.

Therefore, a Singer of the chant, thus knowing, might say: "What desire shall I sing for thee?" For he, verily, is Lord of the song of desires, who, thus knowing, sings the chant,—who sings the chant.

Once there were three who were excellent in singing the Loud Chant Song: Shilaka Shalavatya, Chaikitayana Dalbhya, and Pravahana, son of Jivala. They said: "We are excellent in singing the Loud Chant Song. Come then, let us engage in discourse concerning the Loud Chant Song!"

"Let it be so!" they said. So they seated themselves together. Thereupon Pravahana, son of Jivala, said: "You two, worthy Sirs, should speak first. When two Brahmans are speaking, I shall listen to their words."

Thereupon Shilaka Shalavatya addressed Chaikitayana Dalbhya: "Come then, let me question thee!"

"Question me!" said he.

"What is the resting-place of the Sama chant?"

"It rests in the Tone," said he.

"What is the resting-place of the Tone?"

"It rests in the Life-breath," said he.

"What is the resting-place of the Life-breath?"

"It rests in the Food," said he.

"What is the resting-place of the Food?"

"It rests in the Waters," said he.

"What is the resting-place of the Waters?'

"They rest in that World," said he.

"What is the resting-place of that World?"

"One may not carry it beyond the heavenly World," said he. "We firmly establish the Sama chant on the heavenly World, for as the heavenly World the Sama chant is praised."

Thereupon Shilaka Shalavatya said to Chaikitayana Dalbhya: "Not firmly established, of a truth, Dalbhya, is thy Sama chant. If one were now to say, 'Thy head will fall off!'—thy head would indeed fall off!"

"Come then, let me know this from thee, worthy Sir!"

"Know it!" said he.

"What is the resting-place of that World?"

"It rests in this World," said he.

"What is the resting-place of this World?"

"One may not carry it beyond the World as foundation," said he. "We firmly establish the Sama chant on the World, for as the foundation the Sama is praised."

Thereupon Pravahana, son of Jivala, said to him: "Of a truth, Shalavatya, thy Sama has an end. If one were now to say, 'Thy head will fall off!'—thy head would indeed fall off!"

"Come then, let me know this from thee, worthy Sir!"

"Know it!" said he.

"What is the resting-place of this World?"

"It rests in shining Ether," said he. "All these beings, verily, come forth into manifestation from shining Ether; to shining Ether they go from manifestation; shining Ether, verily, is more potent than these beings; shining Ether is their highest home." This, verily, is the most excellent Loud Chant Song, this has no end. The most excellent is his, most excellent worlds he conquers, who, thus knowing this, reverences the most excellent Loud Chant Song.

When Atidhanvan Shaunaka declared this to his disciple Udarashandilya, he said: "As long as they shall know this Loud Chant Song among thy progeny, so long will their living in this World be most excellent, and so also in that World." For he who, thus knowing, reverences this, his living in this World is most excellent, and so also in that World,—he has a World in that World.

When the Kurus were devastated by hailstorms, a certain very poor man, Ushasti, son of Chakra, lived with his wife, Atiki, in the village of a man of great possessions. He sought alms of food of the rich man, who was eating stewed fruit. The rich man said, "I have none but these that are set before me!"

"Then give me some of these!" said he. He gave them to him, saying: "Drink of this water also!"

"Nay, for that would be for me to drink leavings!" said he.

"Are not these also leavings?"

"If I were not to eat these, I could not live," said he. "But I can drink water at my desire."

When he had eaten, he carried what was left to his wife, but she had already received alms; so taking them, she put them away. Rising early in the morning, he said: "If we could obtain food, we could gain a measure of wealth also. The Prince there is offering a sacrifice, and he might select me for all the ritual offices!"

His wife said to him: "Here, my lord, is this fruit." Eating the fruit, he went to the place where the sacrifice was proceeding.

There approaching the priests of the chant, who were about to sing the opening praise, he said to the priest of the opening praise: "Priest, if thou shalt sing the opening praise, not knowing that Divinity which is correlated with the opening praise, thy head will fall off!"

In the same way, verily, he said to the priest of the chant:

"Priest, if thou shalt sing the chant, not knowing that Divinity which is correlated with the chant, thy head will fall off!"

In the same way, verily, he said to the priest of the response:

"Priest, if thou shalt sing the response, not knowing that Divinity which is correlated with the response, thy head will fall off!"

Thereupon they stopped and seated themselves in silence.

Then the master of the sacrifice said to him: "I desire to know thee, worthy Sir!"

"I am Ushasti, son of Chakrà!" said he.

He said: "I sought thee, worthy Sir, for all these ritual offices; when I was not able to find thee, I selected others! But, worthy Sir, I request thee to perform all these ritual offices for me!"

"Let it be so! But let these now sing the chants with my permission; and as much wealth as thou wouldst give to them, so much shalt thou give to me!"

"Let it be so!" said the master of the sacrifice.

Then the priest of the opening praise came up to him and said:

"Thou saidst to me, 'Priest, if thou shalt sing the opening praise, not knowing that Divinity which is correlated with the opening praise, thy head will fall off!' Tell me, worthy Sir, what Divinity that is!"

"It is the Life," said he. "For all these beings enter into the Life; to the Life they go forth. This is the Divinity which is correlated with the opening praise. If thou hadst sung the opening praise, not knowing this Divinity, thy head would have fallen off, as I had so declared to thee!"

Then the priest of the chant came up to him and said: "Thou saidst to me, 'Priest, if thou shalt sing the chant, not knowing that Divinity which is correlated with the chant, thy head will fall off!' Tell me, worthy Sir, what Divinity that is!"

"It is the Sun," said he. "For all these beings sing the praise of the Sun on high. This is the Divinity which is correlated with the chant. If thou hadst sung the chant, not knowing this Divinity, thy head would have fallen off, as I had so declared to thee!"

Then the priest of the response came up to him and said: "Thou saidst to me, 'Priest, if thou shalt sing the response, not knowing that Divinity which is correlated with the response, thy head will fall off!' Tell me, worthy Sir, what Divinity that is!"

"It is the Food," said he. "For all these beings live by partaking of the Food. This is the Divinity which is correlated with the response. If thou hadst sung the response, not knowing this Divinity, thy head would have fallen off, as I had so declared to thee!"

Then follows the canine Loud Chant Song. There was a certain Baka Dalbhya, or Glava Maitreya, who went forth for sacred study. Before him a white dog appeared. Other dogs, gathering about this white dog, said: "Do thou, worthy Sir, sing food for us, for we would eat!"

To them he said: "Early in the morning ye shall assemble hither to me!"

So Baka Dalbhya, or Glava Maitreya, was on the watch for them.

Then, verily, as priests about to sing the chant of purification, join in a circle and wind about in serpentine dance, so did these dogs wind about in serpentine dance. Then they sat down together and intoned the opening verses thus:

"Om! Let us eat! Om! Let us drink! Lord of the heavenly vault!

Lord of beings! Lord of the Sun! Bring ye food here! Lord of food, bring food here! Bring food, bring! Om!"

Now concerning the meaning of the tones. The tone Ha-u is this World. The tone Ha-i is the great Breath. The tone A-tha is the lunar Lord. The tone I-ha is the Self. The tone I is the Fire-lord. The tone U is the solar Lord. The tone E is the invocation. The tones Au-ho-i are the Bright Powers, the Host. The tone Hin is the Lord of Beings. The vibratory tone is the Life-breath. The tone Ya is the Food. The Voice is Viraj, the Radiant. The tone Hun is the undefined thirteenth interposed trill.

The Voice milks milk for him, that which is the milk of the Voice; he becomes possessed of the Food, and eater of the Food, who thus knows this hidden meaning of the Sama chants,—who knows this hidden meaning.

C. J.

Those who have true worth in themselves can never envy it in others.—SIDNEY.

Be that which you wish to help others to become. Let your life, not your words, be a sermon.—AMIEL.

ALL THAT WE HAVE IS NOT OURS

WE stroll down the street, tired and hungry; it has been a lively day. The procession has passed and everybody is finding his way home. From the distance, sounds the beat of a drum; a band has left the line of march and is also going its way like ourselves.

As it approaches, we step up to the curb and watch and listen. On either side of the musicians and also following, are the usual assortment of street urchins and gutter children. Watch the boys!—they swing along in proper step and time, and keep, to the accompaniment of the music, an impromptu formation which could not otherwise have been forced with a rod of iron.

We follow. The boys, with wild childish natures temporarily inhibited, are held by the glamour of the uniforms and the rhythm of the march; they carry on till the last—until the "oldsters" break ranks and go into the hotels at random—and then hang around, tied by the reverberations echoing in their minds, gradually dispersing to their usual diversions until the next demonstration by another orchestra at another time.

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Somewhat oblivious of people, I walked along, heading for the entrance where we go down the steps to take our train. A beautiful shining morning, and I was coming from a very quiet, rare place—rare in being infrequent both in time and number—and in coming away I was wary lest I meet myself too soon.

I passed someone who hesitated, half turned and looked; our paths were opposite; I kept going, hardly noticing, going down—

"Down to the base court"——

Beyond, a man on the platform; unmistakably a hard drinker—his affair; but why should he turn several shades more purple as I pass? I kept very quiet. "I must not be home before I reach the house." I would not regard him.

The train rolled in, and as I moved through the door, three youths emerged; a fragment of a remark; a gesture, advertising buoyancy. They were almost gone—almost; one gave a quick glance in avoiding me; youth has good eyesight and is sensitive, and in that instant he was trapped. Leaving his friends without parting, he slipped back into the car and sat on the opposite side.

I still kept steady and poised. I knew what happened: the man I passed on the street; the "old soak" on the platform. That young couple over there have dropped their conversation by instantaneous mutual consent, have forgotten each other as they join the youth to observe me. Several others become quiet; but I can draw the line between the quick and the dead.

"Now be quiet, *now* be silent—steady—steady—*Do not even think!*"

What were they like? Do you believe that I would dare to look at them, and obtrude my low and vulgar personality between them and what they felt and tried to understand? I could not—I could not.

I knew, only; but they, like the boys with the music, just thought they knew and were silent like me because they could not say to themselves just what it was. Momentarily and interiorly caught, they followed along in perfect time and synchronism.

Another stop. The boy followed me out, and loafed around with unswerving attention but courteous reserve, until I caught my next train.

Things *were* quiet; few were going and coming. I leaned back to look out. There was a party of two couples in front, out for a pleasant day. One of the young ladies slipped off her coat, and that manœuvre brought me within her field of vision.

"Now be careful—keep on being quiet—pretend you don't observe—silence—look out of the window."

She could not resist the irresistible prompting to see what could not be seen. Taking a book, she left her friends in a puzzled quandary, and sat to my right, a little back—she *would* know what it was—she would watch and see.

Almost home now—almost.

A rare privilege? An auspicious sign?

No; on the contrary, *No.* A rare (regrettably) rare recognition, not of a privilege or favour, but of a standing opportunity and unceasing duty and obligation.

Do we not march along in good form and proper step, with all our instruments—and no *music:* why? How can we expect those to respond who not only need, and not only are ready for our silent rhythm and melody, but who crave it without knowing that they do so, if we keep it all to ourselves,—that which is not ours, which was only loaned to us to be handed on to others; those who are here now in vastly greater numbers than we realize.

Really now, have we any true notion of the rapidly increasing number of folk who are at this moment following paths, parallel, but not identical with ours, and from amongst whose impromptu ranks we could draw a few, enthral several, and give them what we hold for them, if they could only hear with their hearts that which cannot be spoken until we know just who and where they are?

Must *all* of our attention be personal preoccupation? Must that be the rule all the time? Why—why can we not let go a little now and then; and then a little more practice—why not? The efforts once started will gather impetus. We shall build on the reaction until we *never, never* cease to be conscious of what we are trying to do.

In certain respects, there can be no supererogation.

R. B. A.

CONTEMPLATION AND MORALITY

He who has not yet seen Truth desires it as the Good; he who has seen it, desires it as the Beautiful.

PLOTINUS.

IT is a theosophical axiom that our present average humanity does not represent the terminal point of evolution upon this planet; that it is intermediate between the animal and the divine phases of a continuing process. The psychic man can be transformed into the likeness of the spiritual man. Many students of Theosophy believe that a transformation has already occurred in certain exalted natures, and that the Lodge of Masters is composed of men who have thus accomplished the destiny which is ideally reserved for every member of the human kingdom.

It is significant to find that, under various forms, such ideas as these have penetrated the general consciousness of the century. In a deep sense, it is a cause of joy and wonder. One doubts whether the average student fully appreciates the faith and valour of those men of the world who have responded by their own volition and effort to the spiritual forces so active beneath the surface of events to-day.

A notable exponent of this movement in contemporary thought is the French philosopher, Jules de Gaultier, the author of several technical works, such as *La Sensibilité Métaphysique* and *La Dépendence de la Morale*, but best known for his very readable little treatise on the use and abuse of the imagination, *Le Bovarysme*. This title was suggested by Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. The lower self of man is for ever pretending to itself and to others that it is something other than that which it actually is, and it ends by believing that its lies are true,—the chronic state of Madame Bovary. However, the image-making power of the mind which is thus abused by the lower self can be rightly used to make manifest the true genius of man. As Gaultier says, if Madame Bovary had applied her imagination otherwise, she might have become a Saint Teresa.

Gaultier has summarized the deeper aspects of his doctrine in a recent series of articles:—"The Precursors of Æsthetic Morality: Pythagoras, Epicurus, Jesus."[1] His theme is the "inner event" which signifies that the mortal personality of man has been metamorphosed into its spiritual prototype. He believes that "this inner event has already been realized in the hearts of isolated individuals, and by its virtue has been the cause of the perpetuation of human society." The story of Jesus bears witness to such a consummation. Pythagoras and Epicurus are represented by Gaultier as forerunners of the Master.

[1] *Mercure de France:* May 1, June 1, 15, 1928.

The essays seem to be the fruit of metaphysical speculation rather than of mystical experience. Even a friendly critic will find many statements with which he may find it impossible to agree. There are passages which recall a poem in prose, in which the protagonists bear the illustrious names of the ancient sages, but speak the thoughts of the poet. The style is often so involved that the translator is forced to take the risk of paraphrasing in order to render what he believes to be the author's meaning. Moreover, Gaultier has an exasperating habit of using old words in a new sense, and of leaving the reader to discover this sense without assistance. Nevertheless, the present reviewer ventures to proclaim these three articles as among the most remarkable works of the kind that have been brought to his attention.

Gaultier believes that if true human morality can be realized, "it must be by the increasing intensity, in every human heart, of the contemplative sense, of the power to enjoy things without possessing them, and by the multiplication, in the bosom of the species, of men endowed with this power." This true morality is not to be identified with any particular code of ethics, for reasons which he makes quite clear. He calls it "æsthetic morality", the term "æsthetic", as he uses it, being practically synonymous with "contemplative".

What is needed is the birth, or rather the recovery, of a real moral sense, which will of itself control our activities as infallibly as an animal's instinct guides it along the lines of action proper to its species. However, such a sense must be acquired, like every other sense, by effort, by triumphing over resistance and inertia. For the present, there can be little hope that more than a few can perform the miracle. But if those few succeed, the race will be preserved, as it has been preserved for centuries by others who gained their measure of success in the past. Such an idea cannot be unfamiliar to students of Theosophy who have heard of the appeal of the Masters for Chêlas; for recruits who are willing to separate themselves from the mass of the race and to perfect themselves for the sake of humanity.

Gaultier makes this general definition of morality, that it is "the sum total of the modes of being that condition the life of a species." Every species has its proper morality, and the lives of its members are moral in so far as they conform to the purposes which are characteristic of the species. In the lower kingdoms, "Nature works directly and, as it were, blindly towards the determination of useful reactions." However, man—that is, elemental man—"persuades himself that it is his prerogative to intervene, to decide what is useful, to assign to his destiny ends of his own choosing, and to attain them by means that he has arbitrarily selected." In other words, by virtue of his mental self-consciousness, the human entity interrupts the direct current of "purpose" in Nature, and diverts it, as he fancies, to serve his private happiness.

There is ample reason for believing that Nature cannot tolerate the spectacle of a creature which deliberately tries to live for its own pleasure alone. The elemental man has, therefore, an anomalous status in Nature. He has been

disobedient to the moral laws of his species, and part of the penalty which he must suffer is the corruption of the animal instincts of his body. He can no longer trust these "to determine his useful reactions," for he has infused into them a psychic colour which is quite alien to the healthy animal state. For example, a normal wild animal is guided by an instinct, correlated with the sense of taste, to eat what is necessary to maintain its bodily functions in proper order. In the elemental man this instinct has in general either retired into a potential condition, or it has been almost completely distorted from its original purpose by association with a psychic "complex", with the desire to enjoy the sensation of eating and to repeat the sensation as often as possible.

The conscious and subconscious purpose of elemental man may, indeed, be reduced to a confused but continuous desire to experience pleasurable sensation, and to a corresponding dread of painful sensation. The sensation sought or feared may be physical or emotional or mental or even—in the ordinary sense of the word—intellectual. The same order of motive may be said to prevail on all these planes of his life.

Gaultier dwells, in particular, upon that form of the desire for sensation which is manifested in consciousness as the desire for possessions. It is assumed that one cannot enjoy a thing unless he possesses it. This may be a psychic extension and perversion of the acquisitive instinct observable in many animals. In any event, the regulation of the human acquisitive instinct becomes an acute problem whenever two or three or more human entities are gathered together in a society. The effort of such a society to prevent one of its members from taking what belongs to another, takes shape in some ethical code.

We may believe that ethics is, in one sense, the first effort of Nature to correct the diseased condition which has resulted from the disobedience of men to the proper moral law of their species. Unfortunately, the effectiveness of an ethical code in any given society appears to be mainly dependent upon two factors,—upon the stability and integrity of the police power which enforces it, and upon the faith of the multitude that it serves their best interests not to disobey it too actively. In the past, when this faith has diminished, the authority of the police power has decreased in proportion, for the police were men like the others. One remembers the history of past civilizations which have disappeared in the night of time, because men ceased to believe that it was worth while to restrain their acquisitive instincts any longer.

Gaultier has noted certain danger-signals upon our own horizon. During the Middle Ages, and even until quite recent times, the majority of people in the West, believed, with little question, that the good man might be miserable here, but after death would go to heaven; that the wicked man might have a wonderful time on earth, but after death would go to hell. This did not prevent men from committing crimes, though it had a restraining effect. But how many to-day believe in the old-fashioned, concrete heaven and hell?

Probably less than a majority, at least in the great cities, in the centres of our civilization. This increasing skepticism is supremely significant, because the decay of theological faith has been paralleled by a decrease in moral faith. Moreover, in the present age of applied science, there is an additional menace. It is pretended that, by multiplying the means of self-indulgence, men may be able to increase indefinitely the opportunities of pleasure, so as ultimately to provide enough for all to share without envy or discontent. Gaultier exposes without difficulty the root of this gross delusion. New desires are invariably developed more rapidly than the objects which are supposed to satisfy them. "Desire grows by feeding upon itself."

Such considerations as these lead Gaultier to enquire into the real nature of the motives which induce the average mortal to live a life of relative self-restraint. Self-restraint is, indeed, absolutely necessary, before one can begin to be human in any real sense. No complaint can be directed against our ethical code as regards its objective, which is to induce men to forego the satisfaction of certain obviously noxious desires. The trouble is that the average mortal has no vision whatsoever of the ultimate implication of his self-restraint. He agrees to check himself in certain directions as long as he feels assured that, in some tangible way, he will be *rewarded* for his virtuous behaviour. He persists in the delusion that pleasurable sensation is the end of life. Preachers and moralists do their best to fortify his delusion, perhaps because they share it with him. They are for ever telling him, in one way or another, that his sensations will be more pleasurable if he live an honourable life. The preachers and moralists are undoubtedly right, and, in any case, what else could they say to provide the average man with a motive for right living? But ideas of what constitutes pleasure are not always based upon a clear appreciation of the facts. When the average mortal is convinced that his idea of pleasure is preferable to the idea of the moralist, and when he loses his fear of punishment, his moral observances will tend to lose the force of habit, and he will tend to become a dangerous or useless citizen. When he becomes representative of the majority of citizens, it would seem that disintegration of the society to which he belongs, must be imminent.

The supreme need, therefore, is for a few individuals, above the average of humanity, who will have the courage to admit the baseness of ordinary human motives, including even the most "respectable" and the most "virtuous", and who will undertake the labour of creating for their own guidance a new kind of motivation radically different from the old. These individuals must constitute a caste of *contemplatives* within the mass of mankind, which is given over so completely to the desire for sensation.

We have already seen that Gaultier identifies the term "contemplation" with "the power to enjoy things without possessing them." Also, by associating contemplation with the æsthetic sense, he suggests that our actual appreciation of beauty is an adumbration of a real contemplative consciousness, or at least gives one some idea of what a contemplative consciousness is like. There are presumably moments in the lives of great artists or scientists

when they are so deeply concentrated upon the object of their perception or study, that they are personally indifferent to the kind of sensations which they may be experiencing at the moment, whether these be, in ordinary terms, pleasant or painful. These men have temporarily achieved, in some measure, that which the real contemplative has accomplished permanently. They have "reduced the acquisitive instincts to a point of possible co-existence." The instincts, which are so infused with psychic elements in the average person, have been restored—even if only for a moment—to a condition resembling their pristine natural state, to "the condition of a biological necessity."

"Man has taken consciousness as a means of reforming action. He has not understood that it is an end in itself; that through the metamorphosis of action into vision the Sovereign Good is attained." However, there is no implication that this vision is a passive state. "The joy of contemplation is the activity of consciousness exercising itself in accordance with its own nature." We find Plotinus saying that all genuine contemplation overflows into action, and that the veritable creative power in man or God impresses itself upon substance through the medium of an *act* which spontaneously expresses or symbolizes pure vision.

In terms of the moral life, according to Gaultier, the great distinction of contemplative joy is that it is the true reward of virtue, but only when this reward is not sought. It crowns the life's work of the hero who has finally learned to labour without thought or expectation of any recompense for himself. "Only the courage of having descended into the abyss of pain in the world of illusions, can give one access to the joy of victory."

In another passage, Gaultier refers to the contemplative condition as that stage of evolution when the Soul of the World enters into Self-knowledge through the agency of the individual Soul which is its emanation. In the experience of the individual consciousness, it is the direct testimony of its participation in a universal consciousness. "In our own heart, Brahma, the Indian God, the whole of our being, awakes and dreams no more."

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This condition is so remote from our present dreaming state, that a long purification of will and thought is necessary before the human consciousness can receive the necessary enlightenment which may then be said to descend like the grace of God. Gaultier has selected Pythagoras as a hero of the moral life, as a patron saint of those who would undertake to strengthen and to individualize their will by purification.

The Pythagorean commentator, Hierocles, interpreted his Master as teaching that "the most perfect adornment of pure philosophy is the contemplative spirit." But this spirit can be gained only by uncompromising self-discipline, nor can the bliss of the contemplative life be fully shared by the aspirant until he has effaced from himself all desire to benefit himself personally.

Therefore, the Pythagoreans and their allies, the Stoics, laid emphasis upon two exercises. The aspirant must purify his nature by the consistent refusal

to participate in the lower man's desire to reduce life to the repetition of pleasurable sensations, and by the repression of those actions which gratify only the lower man; and he must reflect upon the majesty and splendour of the Divine Principle which pervades the Universe, and which endows it with its order and mysterious beauty. He must do these things as if he already desired to do them with the undivided force of his personality, although actually he may still feel acutely the glamorous attraction of sensation, and although he cannot yet see the inward beauty of Nature, but only has faith that the beauty is there. Faith in the reality of the Divine Principle must be sufficient for him at all times. Gradually, however, he should begin to experience a sentiment which is, as it were, the premonition of contemplative joy. He will experience a disinterested satisfaction in the thought that the essence of Nature is divine. He will undertake to do what little he can toward the awakening or strengthening of a kindred satisfaction in the hearts of others. In the ideal Stoic Commonwealth of Humanity, the philosopher is the servant of the gods and of mankind.

Marcus Aurelius has excellently defined this gentle spirit: "Let the fulfilling of those things which the common nature hath determined, be unto thee as thy health. Accept, then, and be pleased with whatsoever doth happen, though otherwise harsh and displeasing, as tending to that end, to the health and welfare of the Universe, and to the joy and prosperity of Zeus."

There was nothing sentimental, however, in the practice of the great Stoics, or in the maxims of Pythagoras. Gaultier says aptly that their moral training culminated in "the practice of courage in its most intense form, of the courage which a man needs in the struggle to dominate his own instincts." He speaks of such heroic morality as "a phase in the bosom of which develops secretly the contemplative sense, as under the mantle of the caterpillar proceeds the slow elaboration of the organs of the winged butterfly. By its mediation is realized an *ascesis*, a spiritualization and a sublimation of the human type."

The Stoic thus becomes, in his degree, an *individual*, unifying his powers and subjecting the lower instincts to the commands of his will. He can be trusted with new powers of vision and action which would consume an undisciplined personality. "In Stoicism, the metamorphosis is already accomplished. The caterpillar is provided with wings, though it has not yet cast off the mantle, so that it still preserves the appearance of a worm. The law of irony presiding over all great activities so orders events that, to attain the greatest tension, the creature must ignore the end toward which it is moving." One recalls the words of the prophet: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Gaultier continues: "A supreme courage implying renunciation of joy, and acceptance of the most cruel evils, brings him to the summit of the mount before a vision of beauty which overwhelms him with a bliss *which he has not sought*. Renunciation, courage, Titanic valour, are all converted into a positive instinct which triumphs over the lower passions by opposing to them

a passion yet more strong. By some metaphysical alchemy, the moral temperature, raised to its highest degree, is resolved into a new state wherein the joy of victory replaces the consciousness of tense effort."

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The Pythagoreans and the Stoics illustrate the way to liberation through purification of motive, through sustained self-control, through the acceptance and service of an ideal. Another method of releasing the soul from the obsession of the desire for sensation, was taught by Epicurus. There is no necessary contradiction between the moral *catharsis* of the Pythagoreans, and the mental discipline of the disciples of Epicurus. The differences between the two schools are differences of emphasis, and, in the same nature, the two methods may supplement each other.

Our word "epicure" suggests an unflattering view of Epicurus; but whatever may have been the delinquencies of his followers, we have the testimony of a disciple that "the life of Epicurus, by comparison with that of other men, appears to us, by virtue of his gentleness and moderation, to have been a myth." It is true that he identified the quest of truth with the search for the principle of happiness; but the happiness which he presented as the goal of the philosophical life, was the faculty of contemplating the nature of things with an ever-increasing, disinterested delight. To prepare body and mind for the exercise of this faculty, seems to have been the main subject of his instruction. Far from advocating a refined self-indulgence, he imposed a severe and unremitting training upon mind and body, preparing them to undergo without passion or strain the pressure of circumstances, favourable or adverse. Although it is necessary for the human being to experience both pleasure and pain, he insisted that it is equally base to be the slave of either.

Unfortunately his doctrine has come down to us, as Gaultier says, more amputated than the marbles of antiquity. One can only surmise the details by reference to such fragments as the following:

"False judgment and error are always caused by what is added to experience by the mind.

"It is not the stomach which is insatiable, but our false opinion concerning its supposedly indefinite capacity.

"Believe that God is an incorruptible and blessed Being, and attach to your idea of Him nothing that is inconsistent with incorruptibility or with bliss.

"It is not continued drinkings and revels and feasts of fish or such things that make life pleasant, but sober contemplation which examines into the reasons for choice and avoidance, and which puts to flight the vain opinions from which arises the greater part of the confusion troubling our souls.

"It is a superlative joy for the soul to investigate those things which have been the causes of its greatest sufferings."

Gaultier describes the method of Epicurus as "the culture of images." The maxims given above suggest that the philosopher sought the source of human evil in the misuse of the imagination, and that he believed it was possible, by changing the habits of the imagination, to convert it into a cause of human

good. In Epicureanism the power of the will is not stressed as in Stoicism. For this reason it lacks the splendid inspiration which shines through the writings of the great Stoics. It has, however, its own version of truth which may be examined with much profit. "Behind will stands desire," and desire is intimately connected with the image-making power of the mind.

Epicurus seems to have begun his teaching by emphasizing the need of releasing the force now stored in wrong or useless mental images, before one can hope effectively to turn his full attention to the building of images of truth. Gaultier comments as follows:

"Epicurus distinguishes between desires which are both natural and necessary; those which are natural without being necessary; and those which, being neither natural nor necessary, are the products of a vain opinion." Since the actual "quantity" of desire available to a man at any given moment is limited, it follows that the spiritualization of desire is possible only in so far as the lower forms of its manifestation in the mind are enfeebled and destroyed. "Epicurus refuses the power of procuring happiness to all desires which are not both natural and necessary. 'Even the pleasure of the body,' he said, 'cannot increase once that the pain caused by some need is suppressed; it can only diversify itself.'" A first step towards checking the waste of psychic force would thus be to discover certain limits defining the natural and necessary pleasures of bodily life, and to refuse to pass beyond those limits. A second step would be to hinder the mind from brooding over the memories of physical sensation, and from anticipating the pleasure of repeating the sensation.

Again, the powers of imagination are expended in irrational fears,—fears of death, of physical or mental suffering, of God or man or beast. There is a normal instinct warning an animal of danger; but when the danger is past, there is ample evidence that the fear completely disappears from the animal's consciousness. It would be the same for man, if he could learn to check the momentum of the natural and necessary emotion of fear, for it is this uncontrolled momentum that converts a physical and momentary sensation into its psychic counterpart, and prolongs an instant of pain into hours and days of unnecessary and idiotic suffering.

By the repression of useless desires and fears, two objects are accomplished. First, the imagination is released from the habit of serving the purposes of the psychic, elemental man. Secondly, the force of the imagination can be re-integrated upon a higher plane of thought.

In his commentary, Gaultier describes this transfiguration of the imagination as "the conversion of sensation into vision." The sensuous, elemental nature is externalized, so that in the vision of the soul it appears to be as objective as the events of the phenomenal world which are known through the physical senses. Gaultier refers, of course, not to an astral but to a moral experience. It is a continuation of "the same evolution and the same metamorphosis which, at the beginning of the epic of life, are expressed in the passage from sensation to perception, and which transmute a body reacting

to contact alone, into a body sensitive also to form, colour, sound and odour. Joy and sorrow become a single term subordinate to a higher psychic activity. They are progressively objectivized and converted into objects of contemplation."

It would seem that the Epicurean training was finally concentrated upon the effort to attain to a selfless vision of Nature,—to such a vision as was the prerogative of the gods. Epicurus used to spend hours in quiet recollection before the images of the gods in the temples, as if he felt that he might thereby develop in himself a deeper sympathy with the divine way of viewing the world. The great poem of Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, illustrates to what a degree of disinterested fervour a genius, disciplined by Epicurean principles, could be moved through meditation upon the processes whereby the Universe is periodically brought into being and destroyed. He loses his self-concern in the contemplation of the unfathomable depths of space and time, and tries to communicate to others this sense of liberation *which he has not sought for himself*. To a similar sentiment may be attributed a saying of Epicurus which seems to convey the very essence of what was oldest and purest in the Greek mind. "The sun circles the world, and his great voice summons us all to awaken to a life of bliss."

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However, the Epicureans, like the Pythagoreans and the Stoics, give one only an *ideal* of contemplative joy. They fail to impart the unmistakable impression of its *living reality*. This living reality Gaultier finds in Jesus.

Gaultier is not an orthodox Christian, and many of the unorthodox will find much to criticize in his interpretation of Jesus. He admits that he has limited himself to the consideration of one aspect of the Master's life which he believes to be the most important of all. For Gaultier, the Master is *the man who lived contemplatively*, the representative of a new human "species" (*homo estheticus*). In the reviewer's opinion, Gaultier's point of view may be sympathetically examined by anyone who believes that a Master's being, even to be dimly appreciated, must be regarded from many aspects. The image which he presents is, at least, far removed from any of the popular misconceptions of our time. It is neither pacifist nor communist nor sentimental nor platitudinous. It represents the real Master as the culminating figure in a line of sages, rather than as the semi-political Messiah of the Hebrew tradition. There is much to recommend it, if only as an antidote to certain other images which have added little or nothing to our understanding, and which have often done positive damage to what we may believe to be the Master's cause.

As Gaultier describes him, the Master is the living and complete expression of the ideal which was perceived as a distant goal by the great philosophers. There is in him this supreme distinction, that the centre of consciousness has been definitely translated from the life of sensation to the life of creative vision. It is not to be supposed that he has thereby lost the faculty of sensation, for joys and sorrows, even such as we know, are felt by him; but they do not affect

his will nor colour his inward sight. Though feeling them, he sees them as external to his veritable self, and as possessing a reality relative to the power of consciousness which generates and uses them.

He can enjoy things without possessing them, and this joy is unmixed with the sense of strain which seems to be inseparable from an aspiration which has not yet come to fruition. His imagination no longer moulds the data of sensation into untrue psychic shapes; so the Universe is reflected without distortion in his consciousness. At the same time, his liberated imagination is the vehicle of an inexhaustible stream of love which proceeds from his heart toward "the Father," the Logos, the Divine Principle, *natura naturans*, whose Being is mirrored in the Universe, *natura naturata*. The Universe thus viewed assumes the form of Beauty, and no part of it is unworthy of attention or regard.

Perfect detachment is associated with perfect attention and control in a single creative act. Gaultier sees, in this balance of powers, the repetition in the individual consciousness of those processes of emanation and indrawal which are visible throughout the height and depth of Nature. He finds a real inspiration in the Christian doctrine of the oneness of the Son with the Father, with the God "outside whom, nothing is; who assumes all powers and all responsibilities; who, like Dionysus Zagreus, has wounded Himself to prepare His own heavenly food, and who contemplates His own substance disguised and masked under the infinite diversity of appearances. God in all creatures and in all beings; God who knows the secret and who has endowed things with the power to crucify Him, that He may discern His own face beneath the mask, and that He may transmute into contemplative vision all the pathos of the world of sensation and action."

This universal process is *made human* through the accomplishment of the Master, and what he has attained may be attained in time by others. His "joy can be possessed by every being in that kingdom of heaven that is within himself. There, in his union with God, the individual recovers the consciousness of the fictitious and symbolic character of the phenomenal world. He sees in the world only a spectacle prepared for the supreme act of contemplation in which he takes back, in a unique sentiment of joy, all that has been emanated to produce the appearance of diversity." He has realized in himself the ideal of Pythagoreans and Platonists, of Stoics and Epicureans, to see the world as it is seen by the gods.

The regeneration of the self must, therefore, involve much more than even the most vivid intuitions of the intellect. The truth is grasped by the whole nature. Seeking a term to convey such a meaning, Gaultier turns to the old word, "faith." By *faith* the Master dominated the glamour of events, "not by the faith which follows a miracle, but by the faith which precedes the miracle and generates it."

When others possessed the active germ of his faith, he could heal them, as if at this point of their nature, he could blend his power with their aspiration. "Communion is the image of transfiguration." Gaultier meditates upon

the significance of the Master's refusal to legislate, to impose external force, to intervene to change the world. The Master sees truly that which men are, and that which they may become; and since his vision is dynamic, it is poured into the world as an incentive and inspiration. But there must be a deliberate response of faith to the inspiration. There must be the living belief in the aspirant's heart that the miracle of selflessness is as possible for him as it was in the beginning for his Master.

Gaultier recognizes what was, perhaps, the supreme manifestation of the Master's selflessness. This was the almost inconceivable self-control which prevented Him from using his acquired knowledge and power to remove himself from the torments of bodily life, by annihilating in an instant the consciousness of his body. There are stories in the East of Adepts who have yielded to such a temptation and who are known as Pratyeka Buddhas. The veritable Buddha, the true Master, stands firm. "His faith in the unreality of the world is a sign that the hallucination is abolished and, at the same time, conditions the persistence of his contemplative vision. When it is sufficient for him to raise his finger to bring the fiction to an end, he will beware of making this little gesture which would restore life to the phantoms." It would be a tacit admission that he is still attached to sensation, that the great regeneration has not really occurred, that his power to draw others by faith has, in fact. never existed.

There is an enigmatic statement by Gaultier which he does not clearly explain. He says that "Jesus does not come to save the men of the future at the expense of the men of the past. . . . He saves the past as well as the future. Such is the consequence of his renunciation of the idea of realizing happiness in the temporal order."

It would seem that Gaultier has touched here a very profound truth which is blindly disregarded, as he says, by "the eternal pharisees, the so-called idealists, who pretend to be working for the happiness of a future humanity . . . and who sacrifice, with an appalling lightness of heart, all those who have been miserable in the past." It may be remarked, incidentally, that these "futurists" do not always hesitate to sacrifice also the men of the present, as in Russia to-day.

It will be easier for the mind to solve the supposed difficulties involved in this problem of saving the past, if we accept as hypotheses at least two of the major doctrines of the Eastern Wisdom. The hypothesis of re-incarnation suggests that the Egos of the future races may, indeed, be embodied in the men of the present, and that they have certainly been embodied many times in the races and nations of the past. The other hypothesis suggests that the Master, Jesus, is not the only human being who has accomplished the great transformation, and that he is a member of a Brotherhood of perfected men, all of whom are working in various ways to bring mankind as a whole to the portals of initiation through which they themselves have passed.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

WORK

AT the last T. S. Convention something was said by one of the speakers about the very commendable desire on the part of many of the younger members to "help in the work of the Movement"; their frequent and pressing offers; their evident difficulty in understanding that, for one reason or another, they were not yet qualified to work, save in certain specified and perhaps very humble directions. What was said amounted to this: a member with, for instance, a perfectly illegible handwriting, will wonder why he, or she, is not given even so modest a task as addressing envelopes; or someone else, with an irrepressible love of talk, will feel that he, or she, even though not "trained", can at least be trusted to slip newly issued *Quarterlies* into their covers, ready for the post, without at all realizing that incessant talk during the process, may not be agreeable to other people who are in the room at the time, and who may wish to remain quiet. The advice given by the speaker to those of us who are aspirants for "work", was that we should *fit* ourselves forthwith. The member who wished to address envelopes, but whose illegible handwriting made the task far beyond him, should direct his energies toward acquiring a "copper plate" calligraphy. The member who felt somewhat aggrieved that he could not be trusted even with preparing *Quarterlies* for the post, should ask himself (or some kindly disposed friend and comrade) why this was, and having found that the trouble was not with his hands, but with his tongue, should waste no time before disciplining that part of himself which proved to be the source of the difficulty.

I, who was fortunate enough to attend Convention; have wondered, however, whether the full meaning of the speaker was grasped by us all, for there is an angle of it which I am sure the speaker himself would not wish to escape notice. It is this. When it was suggested that if we want to address envelopes, it might be a good plan to fit ourselves by first learning how to write, that suggested "fitting" did not mean that we were expected to acquire the desired knowledge by practising in some other department of the work of the Movement, or by "cutting our teeth" on "the work" at all. If we find that we are inclined to be noisily talkative, we cannot expect that the peace and quiet of a work room or office shall be endangered, in order that we may begin "the practice of silence" there. Our old, bad habit might at any moment break loose (as old, bad habits will), and with annoying results. The point, as I saw it, was that we were advised to prepare ourselves by means of our daily occupations, unconnected with any special departments of "the work". We must all have endless opportunity for this; at least we can create the opportunities if they do not come unsought; and once a limitation is recognized honestly and simply, the roughest part of the road is generally behind us, while I have always found that when we are ready to assume responsibility, responsibility never fails to come our way.

I am constantly struck by the manner in which our weaknesses will frustrate or neutralize our assets, and I think this fact has such an important bearing on our perfectly legitimate desire to help in "the work", that it should give us much serious food for thought. Take, for example, someone whose accuracy in copying documents is above criticism; whose handwriting is excellent, and who is faithful and regular in attending to work, but who cannot be counted upon to keep his own counsel; whose love of gossip tempts him into constant breaches of confidence. How much can that member, even with all his other valuable qualities, be trusted with private matters?

In every desire to be of use, the aim, the *ideal* of the younger member must surely be to lighten the burden of the overworked older members. This can hardly be accomplished unless we younger members cultivate the habit of listening intelligently to what the older members are trying to tell us; or, better still, unless we cultivate the habit of trying to find out intuitively what it is they are endeavouring to get done, so that they will not have to *tell* us, in the literal sense, at all. "Listening"—anything, at least, worthy that name—is impossible if an incessant buzzing is going on in our minds, while suggestions for work are being made, or directions given; for listening is not just the automatic hearing of spoken words; it is, as we know, far more the intuitive inner understanding of what is wanted, and if we are to get any impression of this (any impression upon which we can safely rely) we must be silent and receptive interiorly. Success is impossible where excitement, alarums and excursions, and all the paraphernalia incident to self-interest, are occupying the centre of the stage.

Of course, at this point, some younger member may groan, with a long face: "Do they, then, expect us to become full-fledged Adepts before we are allowed to address envelopes? What you have just said implies a standard of perfection which I, for one, shall never be able to cram into this single incarnation. I am past my prime as it is." To which, being of the "youngest" myself (I am speaking of the hierarchy, not of physical years), I would answer: "By all means, let us 'cram' in all we can,—discipline, experience, patience and hope. Oh, and I must not forget humility,—it seems one is too prone to forget that. Then, some fine day, we shall, perhaps, much to our astonishment, be asked (mind you, *we* ourselves shall not have had to go on banging petulantly at closed doors)—we shall be asked to address a whole mountain of QUARTERLY envelopes, and with 'steam up' too. Our 'chance' will have come at last, because all this time we shall have been 'fitting' ourselves, unknown to most, but noticed by those who never fail to watch eagerly for our progress."

Again I have wondered, however, if we younger members are not much too quick to think that because no one urges us to help in addressing envelopes ("envelopes" being, of course, used figuratively) we are therefore cut off from all "work for the Movement". Do we perhaps forget that, as a matter of fact, there is an inexhaustible amount of work for each; the most important kind of work lying at our very doors, and far more of it than we can reasonably hope to accomplish? I speak, of course, of work upon ourselves; self-conquest;

the supreme task of our incarnation. All our T. S. literature resounds with an imperative call to inner work; to the battle which must be waged against our lower natures; all religious books too, of course. "Who hath greater combat than he that laboureth to overcome himself?" asks the *Imitation*.

Through The Gates of Gold is full of this warrior spirit, which cannot be taken too literally, I am sure. "To put on armour and go forth to war, taking the chances of death in the hurry of the fight, is an easy thing; to stand still amid the jangle of the world, to preserve stillness within the turmoil of the body, to hold silence amid the thousand cries of the senses and desires, and then, stripped of all armour and without hurry or excitement, take the deadly serpent of self and kill it, is no easy thing. Yet that is what has to be done. . . . The man who wars against himself and wins the battle, can do it only when he knows that in that war he is doing the one thing which is worth doing."

Mr. Judge assures us in endless ways that we do not have to "rush madly and boldly out *to do, to do*." "It is not what is done, but the spirit in which the least thing is done for Them, who are all, that is counted." This would necessitate the giving of our very best at every moment,—and would that be easy? Would that not keep us busy? Many years ago I heard Phillips Brooks say, in that quick, convincing way he had, that the most tragic death-bed utterance he was ever called upon to listen to, was when the dying man, with a peaceful sigh, whispered: "Well, I have done my best." We are so quickly satisfied!

What if, at the close of the day, when we are sitting alone, reviewing the work of our waking hours since sunrise; what if, at this time, we could see our Master enter and, standing there, look us straight in the eyes and ask: "Child, have you done your best to-day? Have you thought your best thoughts only? Have you given the best of your efforts?" Do you think that most of us, feeling those searching eyes upon us, could answer: "Yes, Master, I have done my best"?

There are many ways in which we can work, and the inner will help the outer, as the outer (when it is given us) will, in its turn, react upon the inner. Again we may turn to the *Imitation* as the unfailing guide and inspiration which it is, and there we come upon the heart of the matter: "For God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh, than how much he doeth. He doeth much that loveth much."

There are some lines of Kingsley's which I used to like, and used often to repeat to myself when I was young—in physical years—and they come back to me now as being very appropriate. They are good words to act upon:

"Have thy tools ready—
God will find thee work."

YOUNGER MEMBER.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Student sat down with a sigh of immense relief. "For eight uninterrupted hours", he said, "I have been in 'the world'. I have talked and I have listened to people—nice people—who have no idea that there are insides to anything, or that there is a purpose anywhere. Business, travel, art, literature of a sort, politics,—all kinds of things were touched upon, skimmed, dismissed; no insides to anything, and everything on what I can only describe as a high treble note of semi-hysteria, as if to say, 'How gay we all are!'—with laughter less than a sixteenth of an inch deep, and everyone *such* good friends. No: there were men as well as women; but at that stage of evolution, the effect of the sexes upon one another is simply appalling. Perfectly virtuous, doubtless, there is none the less an irresistible 'urge' to show off, to shine, to pirouette, to attract attention, admiration, envy,—Lord knows what not. In any case I am exhausted, and want to hear about something real."

"I have a plan", the Philosopher volunteered. "Instead of talking at random about whatever occurs to us, I suggest that on this occasion we combine to give the 'Screen' a sequence. The Student has had a slight overdose of 'the world'; he needs a much larger dose than he has had; it is just possible that a sufficiently nauseous dose would save his soul alive."

The Student laughed. "Delighted, I'm sure," he said; "but what is your plan?"

"Briefly,—that we look at the world to see its darkness; that we look at the world to see its light; that we look at the other world to renew our thirst for it." Then, without further preamble, the Philosopher continued: "I have with me two or three items from the daily press to which I should like to call your attention. They could be duplicated, doubtless, from the press of Europe; for the difference, alas, between Europe and America is constantly becoming less. They are innocent little items, likely to pass unnoticed by subway travellers—and most people, nowadays, belong to that category, either actually or figuratively; but, theosophically considered, I believe you will find them as significant as I do, as instructive as I do. All of them are taken from the *New York Times* of July 2nd. Here is one: the Reverend ——— ———, preaching at the Community Church, New York (I know nothing about him, except for this sermon, which, however, entitles him to a sort of immortality),—the Reverend ——— ——— declares that 'God is a democrat, and by this very fact the death warrant for all institutions which are undemocratic has been signed. To call God a king is a slander upon the universe. . . . Equality, liberty and fraternity are the three great attributes of God.' Beautiful to know the mind of God like that! In pre-war days, it was the German Emperor who talked of 'God and I'; sometimes, in care-free moments, of 'I and God.' They were brothers and equals, and the meaning of 'liberty' was well understood,—between

Them. Even in those days there were some who laughed at the foolish man's pretensions; though others did not laugh: they feared, knowing that lunatics-at-large are dangerous, and that the German Emperor was a racial mirror, rather than an entity. But now,—ah, now, we have passed to better things: the German Emperor was right, not wrong; the only trouble with him was, he was not right enough. He had forgotten, in his image of the Godhead, to include the Reverend ——— ———, and the congregation of the Community Church, and, I assume, me, and my cook, and the entire swarm of 'me-s' over all this ant-hill of an earth. God is the perfect democrat; like a Presidential candidate, he is 'one of the boys', one of us. Such a comfort; so 'homey', to be assured that God is like that. You don't agree? You would prefer a God who is wiser than we are. Well, well: there is no pleasing some people. Stop and think. Remember those sacred words: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,—I beg your pardon; I had forgotten that this reverend gentleman puts Equality first. In either case, if you accept his revelation, you need never look up any more. Nothing, anywhere, is any better than you are. And Liberty; surely you must appreciate that! Come to the window. We overlook a New York street. Yes,—there it is! See that automobile; the driver has his arm round his neighbour's waist; he is gazing into her eyes; he is steering by those stars. Liberty, sweet Liberty! There is a child playing some twenty yards ahead. Hush! Let nothing interrupt the free and flowing play of Liberty. Dead? I think not. It seemed to me that angels lifted her out of the way. Poor child, to have been robbed like that of a democratic funeral, of a fraternal and free funeral, with her mother and father and her own little ghost embracing the driver and his girl as champions of human Liberty,—God, the perfect democrat, embracing all of them, indiscriminately, for luck.

"Now we pass to another theological pronouncement. This time it is the Reverend ——— ———, S. J., who speaks. 'If Christ were sitting in one confessional box and a priest in another, the priest could blot out sin just as effectively as could Christ. . . . The mere presence of a priest causes sin to be blotted out. You may ask why a priest's power does not always have the effect that it should. It is because you do not co-operate with him. You must pray for him, pray that he will be kind and patient toward all.' That we should be kind and patient toward him, seems to be taken for granted; and I don't wonder, in such circumstances. Kind! Why, the obvious thing to do would be to feed him and flatter him, and to pray to him every few minutes so as to have passing sins blotted out before they accumulate. Talk about modern conveniences! But the real joke is the reaction of the Protestant clergy. Some would froth at the mouth at the Reverend Father's 'presumption'; others would turn green with envy: if only they could believe all that of themselves; in any case, if only they could voodoo their Parishioners into believing it of them! Competition, without that, simply is not fair. Perhaps that is why the other Reverend gentleman, seeking a solution—competition for souls (or for purses?) being very keen these days—hit upon

the idea that every man, worthy of the name of democrat and therefore free, can be his own absolver. Rather clever, come to think of it: no need to pray that a priest will be kind to you; just be kind to yourself. You and God being equals, I should be prepared to argue that absolution must be contained inherently within the sin. They need a student of Theosophy to work these things out for them.

"Seriously, is it not strange how little the world changes? Symbols, perpetually mistaken for realities; priests, perpetually confused, above all, perpetually confusing themselves—sometimes honestly, sometimes dishonestly —with Deity: the old vice of priests in every exoteric religion the world has known. In Egypt, Babylonia, India, ancient America—wherever priests have functioned—the vanity, ambition, and the cowardice of men, have combined to create this dreadful superstition.

"'Now for another item. Governor ———, of one of our more important States, speaking to the congregation of a Presbyterian Church, declares: 'The world is waiting for America; it leaps to hear every blow America strikes. America shines among nations as the little child that shall lead them. Just as God gave humanity a new chance when he directed Noah to build the Ark, so He gave it [*nota bene*, humanity, not the Ark] a new chance when He put it into the head of an Italian navigator to discover America.' "

The Student was literally writhing. "For Heaven's sake!" he exclaimed; "Keep your horrible world to yourself."

But the Philosopher continued relentlessly. "Do not worry", he said. "That Governor will be re-elected; regardless of his politics, he will be re-elected. He knows his people. A speech like that is irresistible. They could *see* the world leaping (now don't be unsympathetic; you are a good American; try to see the Governor banging the lectern as he says, 'every blow America strikes': it is quite moving if you approach it in the right spirit)."

"Stop," said the Student. "I *must* speak."

"No," the Philosopher answered. "It would be impolite. I have not finished; and I don't trust you,—you might be rude to the Governor. Seriously", he added, after a moment's pause, "it makes me glad I am not the Lord: what could you do with a people like that! If an earthquake were to wipe out half of them, the other half, picking itself up, would feel superior because history had recorded nothing like it; if they were to hear a great voice from heaven saying, 'You infernal idiots', or more seemly words to that effect, they would 'come to' with a vastly increased sense of their own importance,—God having singled them out for this distinction. I am glad it is not my problem."

"What to do about it would be beyond me", the Historian interjected at this point. "I have tried to handle individuals who were similarly constituted, and they have twisted even their moments of collapse, when there was nothing left of them but negation and despair, into proof of their real superiority,—by saying perhaps, as in one case, 'I told you this would happen!' But I do think that, if you were looking for causes, the American

environment suggests a contributing factor. You may remember a passage in Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*, following a description of the Capitol at Rome, and the view from one of its windows. He says: 'We glance hastily at these things,—at this bright sky, and those blue distant mountains, and at the ruins, Etruscan, Roman, Christian, venerable with a threefold antiquity, and at the company of world-famous statues in the saloon,—in the hope of putting the reader into that state of feeling which is experienced oftenest in Rome. It is a vague sense of ponderous remembrances; a perception of such weight and density in a by-gone life, of which this spot was the centre, that *the present moment is pressed down or crowded out, and our individual affairs and interests are but half as real here as elsewhere.*' Re-reading that passage recently, reminded me of a man, now dead, whom I knew quite well, years ago in Europe. He had been born within the shadow of York Minster. His father, who loved and revered every corner of it, brought him up to do likewise, constantly pointing out its beauties and telling him its history. He was carried back to the days of ancient Rome, when York was known as Eboracum; to the great deeds of Kings and Barons; to battles which had decided the fate of peoples and dynasties. He was saturated in traditions of heroism and of sacrifice, and lived in the midst of their monuments. When he grew up he became a lawyer and moved to London. Instinctively he took an office near Westminster Abbey, and practised there all his life. His profession, instead of serving him merely as a means of livelihood, was seen by him as yet another expression of the spirit and purpose of old York Minster, and of the Abbey which outwardly had taken its place. Was not the law a monument to an immemorial past, the living embodiment of what Romans, Saxons, Normans, and the long line of English, had suffered and had achieved? The result was that his thoughts always ran on big and noble lines. His personal affairs were important, of course; but they were overshadowed by the greater importance of the ever-continuous and ever-unfolding drama of which he was privileged to be a spectator, and in which he, *though to an infinitesimal degree*, was privileged to participate,—the drama of the world's life and progress. He was not an astronomer, but, for recreation, he loved to read and to marvel at what astronomy tells us of 'the wonderful works of God',—of incalculable spaces, of unthinkable periods of time. Nothing small or mean came near him. Gossip would have been impossible in his presence. He would not have rebuked it; he simply would not have understood it, and his silence would have been so remote that, in spite of his habitual kindliness and geniality, the intruder would have felt himself ostracized.

"I wish I had known, when I knew him, those lines (to my shame I have forgotten who wrote them):

" 'O ancient streams, O far-descended woods,
"Full of the fluttering of melodious souls!'

Unknowingly, he lived them,—and he would have understood and loved them as few could.

"Do you see what I mean? Living near York Minster or Westminster Abbey does not necessarily make that kind of a man; but living in a raw country without a past, is likely to promote growth along very different lines. What I can only describe as the poverty of the external world—its appalling emptiness—as, for instance, facing Brooklyn Bridge—tends very strongly to throw the attention back upon self, or in any case, to produce the opposite effect to that described by Hawthorne, and thus to give the present moment an unmerited importance, and our individual affairs and interests a prominence which is quite misleading."

"Surely", questioned our Visitor, "if your friend felt, as you say, that he could participate in the drama he witnessed, to an infinitesimal degree only, it must have given him a sense of being very small, painfully insignificant, and must to that extent have made him less of a man than otherwise he might have been?"

"Quite the contrary", the Historian answered. "He was a man of tremendous energy, of great personal force. In a crowd, the police invariably made way for him, recognizing, I think, that he was indeed a gentleman, in the old-fashioned meaning of the word, which implied, among other things, the possession of authority."

"As I understand you", the Student now said, "your theory is that, human nature being very much alike everywhere, and vanity being more or less equally distributed, the European or Chinaman or what not, having a couple of thousand years or so over which to spread it, is less likely than we are to concentrate it on the present, and therefore is less likely to imagine that the world is waiting breathlessly for his own or his country's next 'blow.'"

"No", the Historian answered; "you have not caught my meaning. First let me explain that I believe an American who is proud of his European descent, and who thinks of himself as an off-shoot from some European family, rather than as the product of spontaneous generation or special creation on this side, and who, further, fills himself with the history and traditions and literature of his ancestral race or races,—may, in spite of his physical environment, acquire much the same outlook on life. I should go further, for I think that an American of that kind is helped by his environment to be more open-minded than his European cousin. Some Englishman, giving his impressions of a visit to New York a few months ago, is reported to have said that he had never before met with 'such readiness to listen to proposals and to judge them on their merits.' I think he was right, and that the ability of which he spoke springs from the good side of a defect,—the defect being too great a detachment from the past. My friend of York Minster and the Abbey would, for instance, have been incapable of considering Theosophy on its merits; it would not have fitted into his inherited, or traditional, scheme of things. He was unable, also, to judge other men of his own class on their merits, until bitter experience had opened his eyes,—the reason being that he always attributed to them the same high standards of motive and conduct which governed him. I am well aware that, at the present time, there is

more 'free thought' in the objectionable sense—more radicalism in politics and in religion—in Europe than in America; but this is the result of an emotional reaction following the Great War; it is something entirely different from the open-mindedness which you find here, and which, habitually judging men and plans and ideas on their merits, refuses to destroy until convinced that something better can be constructed.

"As to your suggestion that their vanity seems less objectionable because more widely spread, I think that although there are hosts of Europeans who feel that their country, whatever that may be, is unquestionably superior to any other, there would be less excuse for them than for our friend the Governor, if they were not to derive some sense of awe, of reverence—some sense, too, of their personal insignificance—from the very facts and impressions upon which they base their feeling of national pre-eminence. All the things of which the Governor is most proud, are the handiwork of his own generation, —skyscrapers, huge bridges, colossal fortunes, the world's envy; while all the things of which the European is most proud are the work of his forebears,— down to the home in which he lives, though only a thatched cottage."

At this point the Beginner joined us. Someone greeted him, asking him how he was. "I have been having an awful time", he replied. "My desire for the spiritual life seems to have disappeared completely, while every other desire I have ever harboured seems to have surged to the front, occupying nearly the whole of my attention." He wanted to talk about those "other desires": that was evident. But the Philosopher, at the risk of seeming unsympathetic, and realizing that if the boy were allowed to talk, it would only tend to increase his sense of identification with these "spooks" of his lower nature,—the Philosopher turned on him rather heatedly. "I have been a member of the Society", he said, "for thirty-five years and longer. For all those years I have had to live with my lower nature, *consciously;* and I am sick to death of it. Now there is nothing new about yours, young man, and I am just as sick of yours, before you tell me a word about it, as I am of my own. I once heard of a man with a cancer—dreadfully far gone—who wanted to show it to all his friends. Gentlemen don't do that sort of thing. It's bad form. They keep their cancers and their lower natures to themselves, recognizing them for what they are,—as afflictions, hideous to suffer and almost as hideous to behold. You will want to tell me, perhaps, that your case is exceptional; that your desires are not low; that they are in every way seemly; that you feel confident you could satisfy them without betraying your manhood, even if their gratification should seem to conflict with your spiritual aspirations. Young man, every lower nature from the beginning of time has tried to convince its owner that it is possible to 'straddle'; that compromise is legitimate; that you can stand still without going down hill. I am so tired of the idea that I could expire from its monotony. You have been having an 'awful time' you say. Let me tell you something: you will continue to have an awful time, a worse and worse time, for just so long as you continue to pay any attention to your desires. You will have a still worse time if you

bring them to me: that is, I hope so. Take them to the Morgue, my friend; leave them there, and if you cannot detach yourself from them, stay there with them,—though with your head out of the window if you value your life."

The Beginner was looking crestfallen. "Cheer up!" the Philosopher continued. "Nothing is lost so long as you realize that you and your feelings have no more connection necessarily, than a man and his dog. Remember what Judge used to say—you have been told of this often—that the way to get rid of an elemental is to pay no attention to it; that desires and feelings, which *are* elementals, live on mental attention, and can easily be starved to death by turning your attention actively away from them, to other and more real things. Occasionally it is profitable to face them down. Thus, if you have desired—longed—that the marble hand of the Venus of Milo might cool your fevered brow, remind yourself prosaically that a pat by that marble hand would crack your skull. She is no lamb, the Venus of Milo: realities rarely are. . . . No arms, that Venus? *Exactly.*'

Even the Beginner laughed,—which is what the Philosopher wanted, taking it as a signal for a judicious change of subject.

"How about the Briand-Kellogg 'Pact of Paris'?" he asked.

"I know no more about it than you do", the Historian answered; "but it seems to me to speak for itself. It is, as President Coolidge stated in his 'Message of felicitation' to President Doumergue of France, 'a treaty renouncing war as an instrument of national policy and pledging the signatories to seek only by peaceful means the settlement of differences which may arise between them'. The inhabitants of Chicago might conceivably enter into a similar compact: 'no more violence' would be the gist of it. The majority of the signatories would undoubtedly be sincere, particularly under the stress of some emotional impulse, or if impelled by the reaction following an outbreak of wholesale murder. But suppose that, among them, were men for whom fighting is a pastime—and we know such men exist; other men, notorious criminals, with a record of house-breaking, burglary and similar offences. Such men might say truly that it is never their desire to kill; it is only when the police or some obstreperous householder interferes with them, that they may have been obliged to kill from 'necessity'. It would be foolish, I think, to imagine that men of that kind are going to change their natures merely because they sign a 'scrap of paper'; even more foolish to suppose that nations of the same type—and there are some, as history proves—are likely to do so. They will sign,—perhaps with tongue in cheek, but perhaps with total unconsciousness of insincerity, for, as I have said, the professional burglar prefers to carry on his business peacefully. Germany has always stated truly that if Belgium, in 1914, had offered no resistance, Belgians would not have been killed: instead, they would have had the privilege of being swallowed and digested as subjects of the Kaiser. Still, I don't see why the Pact should do any harm,—that is, so long as the peace-loving householder continues to bolt his doors and windows, keeps his ammunition dry, and teaches his sons how to shoot."

"Aren't you unduly pessimistic?" our Visitor asked, evidently rather shocked.

"My friend", the Historian answered, "do you mean to tell me that Russia, if the rest of Europe were unarmed, or were known to be defenceless against some weapon of destruction discovered by Russian chemists,—do you mean to tell me that the Soviet would not regard it as a 'sacred' duty to overrun Europe, and America too, for that matter, so as to impound us within the Soviet fold? Do you not realize that a nation with a 'mission' is as dangerous as a wild beast? Germany had a mission,—to spread Kultur; the Saracens had a mission,—to spread the doctrines of Mohammet. France owes as much to Charles Martel as to her heroes of the Great War: though many people seem to regard that war as if it had been the first,—an exceptional aberration from 'normality'! Can you tell me of a ten-year period in the history of the world when war was not being waged somewhere,—either about something, or nothing at all?"

"I confess I don't remember any wars during the ten years preceding 1914."

"Well," said the Historian, "the Russo-Japanese war did not end until September, 1905; there was a war in Zululand in 1906; Nicaragua was at war with Honduras and Salvador in 1907; Tibet was at war with China from 1910 until 1912; Italy declared war against Turkey in 1911; Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece and Montenegro were at war with Turkey in 1912, and in 1913, there was the so-called Second (actually, the Five Hundreth or so) Balkan war. Probably there were several more, but for the moment I have forgotten them."

Our Visitor smiled with the rest of us,—rather appalled, I think. How quickly we forget; how slow to learn!

"Has the time come," the Engineer now asked, "to say something of the world's light,—following the Philosopher's suggestion? It is not easy to escape from the world's darkness. Since the daily paper, even the best of them, has become a business enterprise, and therefore has made itself subservient to the law of supply and demand, we are compelled, in order to know anything of what is happening outside our immediate circle, to swallow our daily dose of 'jazzed' fact and eccentric incident, and to disentangle from these, as best we can, something genuine and significant. 'Jazz' bands, I am told, are in the habit of 'stepping up' some air by one of the great composers; of 'interpreting' it to suit the curiously deformed ears of those who pay to listen. If, for my sins, I were present, I should try to disentangle the substratum of original melody from the horror of its interpretation; and, in exactly the same way, a reader of the daily paper, should he desire truth, must ignore nearly everything he reads for the sake of the underlying echo of reality. The general public wants the 'high spots.' This means that it has an appetite for murders, suicides, divorces; for the latest vulgarity of the latest millionaire; for the 'highest price' ever paid for a Romney or a Rembrandt, a cabbage or a caterpillar. It means that nothing is 'news' unless it deals with the calamitous, or with the extravagant, the outrageous, the abnormal. Many modern books are written for the same class of 'con-

sumer.' No worse mistake could be made, however, than to judge the world by its noisiest and most conspicuous elements. Behind the scenes in all countries there are people sufficiently endowed with self-respect, if not with brains, to shrink from publicity, and whose doings, therefore, are not heralded in the press. These are the people who represent the solid, as distinguished from the gaseous element in nations. In the same way, books are being published which, although not 'best sellers,' are indications of what lies beneath the painfully vulgar surface of modern life.

"A book I read with pleasure not long ago, was *The India We Served*, by Sir Walter Roper Lawrence, who was in the Indian Civil Service for many years, beginning at the bottom, and ending his career as Private Secretary to the Viceroy, after which he accompanied the Prince and Princess of Wales to India as Chief of Staff. He saw everything and knew everyone. Especially now, when so much that is disappointing and even repellent, is coming out of India, it is refreshing to meet with an author who, in spite of missing the more spiritual significance of that amazing country, in any case looked for the best he could see in its people, and, without being blind to their peculiarities, studied them with genuine sympathy. A man of keen intelligence, with an unusually open mind, it was impossible for him to shut his eyes, as many do, to the 'many mysteries in India' which, he says, 'I cannot explain yet cannot ignore.' He speaks, for instance, of a 'curious illusion' which he experienced. 'It was in the break of the rains, and I went out in the evening by myself to shoot. The ground was familiar to me, but it was all changed. There was a large lake where I had formerly walked, and on the lake was a punt with a paddle. I got in and paddled by the high bank of the lake to a little green promontory. On it, by the edge of the lake, sat a most lovely girl. I asked her what the name of the lake was, and where her village was. But she laughed and shook her head and said nothing. I paddled on, landed on the opposite bank and walked home. I was quite well, and had no fever. I could remember every detail of the place, the dress and the face of the girl, and a few days later I went back to the lake. But there was no lake and no sign of a punt, and no one had ever seen a lake or a punt in the neighbourhood. Hallucination? I do not think so. I have seen so much in India of what we in England would call the supernatural, that I have an open mind, and I think that if we lived with the Hindus, apart from the influence of our own people, we should soon find that in that land of enchantment there is indeed more than is dreamt of in our philosophy.'

"His duties in Kashmir brought him into daily contact with Moslem and Hindu landowners, whom he describes as remarkably astute and practical; then he adds: 'It charmed me to find these very business-like men, so concentrated and absorbed by land affairs, had yet another existence—and perhaps a better existence—in a region of divination, magic, and sweet springs, where the snake god held sway. "It was easy," they said, "to tell the snake god, if I should ever meet him, for his eyelids never moved and his body cast no shadow."'

"Speaking of British rule, he tells us that the famous Sir Dinkar Rao, who

gave up office and wealth to live in solitary contemplation, had once visited the Calcutta Zoo with a mutual friend. They were looking at some tigers, one of which had been a man-eater, when the friend asked Sir Dinkar what would happen if the British left India. 'Exactly what would happen if you removed all the bars of all the cages in this garden,' was the reply. The truth of this statement, so evident to anyone who knows the history of India and anything of its peoples, but which is persistently denied by Indian 'reformers' when lecturing in this country,—is rather more than confirmed by what Sir Walter relates of that splendid Rajput Chief, Sir Pertab Singh, whose part in the Great War you will, I hope, remember. Half the point of the story lies in the fact that it is the Moslems who are supposed to be the fire-eaters of India; and Sir Pertab was a Hindu, besides which he was travelled, tolerant, generous, kindly. However: 'Sir Pertab had come up to Simla to be present at a farewell dinner Lord Curzon gave to my wife and myself the night before we left, and after dinner Sir Pertab and I sat up till two in the morning, talking of his hopes and ambitions, and one of his ambitions was to annihilate the Moslem people in India. I deprecated this prejudice, and mentioned Moslem friends known to both of us. "Yes," he said, "I liking them too, but very much liking them dead."'

"Remembering that one of the great Masters is a Rajput, the author's praise of that race is particularly interesting. He speaks of 'the fine thoroughbred men now living in Rajputana . . . always great and chivalrous gentlemen, with whom it is a privilege and an education to associate.' In another place he writes: 'I say after careful examination that the Kashmiris are perhaps as great a people as any in the East. They are not noble, as the Rajputs, independent as the Pathans, nor virile as the people of the Punjab. But they will beat all three as cultivators, as artisans, or as wits.' 'All thought or word of money [is] far away from the preoccupations of the Rajas. In England, not long ago, *the talk of money was the mark of the unrefined* [italics mine, and *nota bene*, ye moderns, for when you cannot speak of your wealth, you delight to announce your poverty]. I have never heard a Raja talk of his wealth, still less boast of his fortune.' He says that 'in some respects the most striking of all the Rajput Chiefs was the Maharana of Udaipur, the Sesodia Fateh Singh, legitimate heir to the throne of Rama, the vice-regent of the great god Shiva. . . . To the English, to the few who had the good fortune to meet him in Udaipur . . . he seemed possessed of the most perfect manners in the world.' Lord Curzon, Sir Walter says, 'was no respecter of persons,' and was much inclined to point out weak points in the State, and to suggest reforms, when visiting native rulers; but when he met the Maharana, 'in such an atmosphere of charm and courtesy it would have been almost profane to touch on subjects so commonplace, so out of place. Little was said, for the Maharana, like most great Indians of that time, believed in golden silence, and the most voluble of his visitors seemed disinclined to be talkative in that gracious and noble presence. I often tried to think out the secret of these divine manners. . . .'

"I could quote interminably. It is a delightful book, and reading it leaves a delightful impression of the author. I believe none the less that I, for my enjoyment, and he, for providing it, equally deserve censure. I believe that both of us have been contaminated to some extent by standards less noble than those of our youth; certainly less noble than those of the Rajputs,—my reason being that he writes about men whose hospitality he had accepted and whom he knew intimately—Maharaja Madho Singh of Jaipur, for example—in ways which, though kindly, would not have pleased them; and that he seems to feel that, because they are dead, it does not matter. I realized, almost with a shock, that if I were an Indian Raja and were to read *The India We Served*, I should feel the deepest respect for the author's unselfish work for India, and for his many gifts and qualities, but that I should not want another white man as a friend: for are not the best of them likely to write books, and to tell things which they know only because I had allowed them to come near me? Without any question, Sir Walter's motive in writing it was unmercenary and unselfish, while in many ways it will do good, not only by helping 'the youth sailing East,' as he wishes, but particularly in America, by removing many misconceptions. None the less, and in spite of Rudyard Kipling, who urged Sir Walter to 'make a book' of his diaries and recollections, I am sure that the Marquis de Soveral chose the better part. You may remember that he was Portuguese Minister in London for many years, and that he was perhaps King Edward's most intimate friend. There was no one in England worth knowing whom he did not know or might not have known. Yet, after the Portuguese revolution in 1908, which impoverished him, and King Edward's death in 1910, Soveral preferred poverty and the obscurity it entailed, rather than to enrich himself by writing his memoirs, as he might have done; for to him, confidences were sacred—even when those from whom he had received them had passed away. In that respect, in any case, he lived and died a grand seigneur.

"You may think it mean to find fault, after enjoying the result so unreservedly; but surely it is our duty, as followers or would-be followers of those 'most perfect gentlemen,' the Masters, to proclaim their standards even while admitting to our shame, as I admit in this case, that we lamentably fall short of living up to them. My enjoyment carries with it its own condemnation. It would not have been half as great if the book had not been so personal. Yet it cannot be repeated too often that nobility of thought and action is and always will be the only foundation upon which chêlaship can be built, and that the least departure from it is a disgrace. Journalism which, for the most part, is the quintessence of vulgarity, has corrupted literature, and our own taste, to such an extent, that there are very few makers or readers of books who are not victims of its poison."

"What you have been saying," the Engineer now volunteered, "reminds me of a promise. Let me preface its fulfilment to this extent: the man whose heart is given to painting finds either beauty or ugliness everywhere; he thinks and feels in those terms. In his case, unfortunately, he is likely to limit his

interest to appearances. The man whose heart is given to chêlaship finds either chêlaship or its opposite everywhere, and draws from both, unending lessons. In his case, appearances, no matter how beautiful, can be regarded only as veils concealing greater beauties; and because chêlaship involves an understanding of life and its laws on all the planes of being, the field of his interest is infinite. He reads, and no matter what book he reads, he finds some aspect of chêlaship made clearer,—possibly by contrast, but often quite directly. Not long ago a friend whose heart is thus centred, came to me, enthusiastic over a recent volume containing selections from speeches and addresses delivered by Rudyard Kipling between 1906 and 1927, entitled *A Book of Words*. 'Read that passage,' he said, 'and for the love of Heaven see that it is quoted in the "Screen" for the benefit of some of our younger members.' I promised to do so. The passage was from an address delivered at Winchester College during the second year of the war. A rifle range was being dedicated to the memory of an old Wykehamist,—George Cecil, killed in action. And this is what Kipling said to the boys of Winchester as he concluded his speech:

"'Let no one, whatever his physical disabilities, or however meanly he may think of himself, let no one dream for a moment he will not be needed, and urgently needed, in the new order of things. His duty is to prepare himself now. This is harder for him than for the combatant officer, since an officer's work is continually tested against actual warfare. ["There are, of course, no such distinctions in our case," my friend broke in, "because *our* warfare never ceases, and a member is either combatant or nothing."] The men of the second line—the civil reserve that will take over when the sword is sheathed—have no such check, nor have they the officer's spur of visible responsibility. Their turn comes later. Till it comes they must work on honour, that they may be ready to uphold the honour of civilization. They have not long to wait. In a few years some of you must be working with our Allies at the administration of what may be left of Central Europe, where you will have to invent new systems to meet new conditions almost as swiftly as, during the war, new weapons were invented to meet new forms of attack. I say in a few years, because the youngest captain I know is twenty-one; the youngest I have heard of is nineteen. And so it will be on the civil side. The war has given the youth of all our world a step in age—additional seniority of three years. You may say—though your relatives are more likely to think it—that your youth has been taken from you. I prefer to put it, that your manhood has been thrust on you early—at the sword's point. Fit yourself for it then, not according to the measure of your years, but to the measure of our world's great need. You have seen and realized the very things which young Cecil felt would befall. As far as his short life allowed, he ordered himself so that he might not be overwhelmed by them when they were upon him. He died—as many of you too will die—but he died knowing the issue for which he died. It is well to die for one's country ["even better, for 'the country' of our desire," my friend interjected]. But that is not enough. It

is also necessary that, so long as he lives, a man should give to his country, as George Cecil gave, a mind and soul neither ignorant nor inadequate.'

"It was easy enough to see why my friend wanted that passage quoted. He had brought the book with him, and had handed it to me. Glancing through the pages, I noticed that he had marked this statement: 'It is by the things that we take for granted without word that we live.' This also, though elementary to a student of Theosophy, struck me as admirably stated,—and as always needing to be re-stated: 'Remember always that, except for the appliances we make, the rates at which we move ourselves and our possessions through space, and the words which we use, nothing in life changes. The utmost any generation can do is to rebaptize each spiritual or emotional rebirth in its own tongue.'

"'It is an admirable book, full of wisdom,' commented my friend—always either enthusiastic or disgusted over the last he has read. 'It pictures, though of course unintentionally, the very foundation of chêlaship: loyal service, faithful comradeship, nobility of motive, steadfastness of purpose,—the standards without which no one can be counted as truly human.' "

"It is a joy to think and to speak of such things," said the Student. "Your friend's concluding comment recalls something that I read recently about Queen Victoria, whom it is rather the fashion nowadays to treat as a stuffy old thing, devoid of imagination or other merit. The Empress Eugénie, talking to Maurice Paléologue in 1912, of the days when she and the third Napoleon took refuge in England after the war of 1870, described Victoria as 'the most devoted, the most generous, the most helpful of friends,' adding: 'You could hardly believe in all the delicate attentions which she heaped on us, during the first bitter days of our exile. She continued to treat us as sovereigns, just as when we were the allies of England. She said to me one day: "You no longer have the sovereignty of power, but you have a still higher sovereignty—that of misfortune (*malheur*)." ' Later, in 1879, when Eugénie was a widow, and when her only child, the Prince Imperial, was killed in Zululand, Queen Victoria rose to such genuineness of understanding and sympathy that, to honour and console the mother, she erected a statue to the Prince in the Royal Chapel at Windsor, among the tombs of the English Royal Princes. Now I say that a woman who was capable of that, and of *Vous n'avez plus la souveraineté du pouvoir, mais vous avez une souveraineté plus haute encore, celle du malheur*—not only proved herself great of soul, but by that single phrase, and by the generosity and nobility it revealed, proved, in anticipation, that she lived in a world unknown to her critics, beyond their comprehension and their reach. Her nature is as foreign to theirs, as Abraham Lincoln's beautiful simplicity is foreign to the artificialities and perversities of the men who disparage him."

"That was splendid of the old Queen," the Ancient commented. "All nobility that is worthy of the name, comes down from above, and therefore carries with it a touch of inspiration, a suggestion of divine simplicity. You remember, I hope, this incident during the retreat of the 'Contemptibles'

from Mons. They had been marching or fighting, as I remember it, for three days and nights, without sleep and practically without food. Outnumbered two to one—in guns also—they had narrowly escaped being overwhelmed by the right wing of the German armies; staggering in retreat, many of them wounded, in groups of twos and threes and twenties, along the main road through the central Square of Mons, with shells bursting everywhere,—their surviving officers did all they could to rally them, but with scant success, for they had reached that stage of exhaustion when men are deaf and dumb and blind. Then it was that Tom Bridges—a Colonel I believe—seeing a toyshop on the Square, and, behind its broken window, a toy drum,—seized it, began to beat it with all the air of a trained performer, and, marching up and down, making a fool of himself for love's sake, rallied those half-dead men and turned them once more into a weapon for King and country and for France." The Ancient paused. Then, in some curious, indescribable way, isolating himself from the rest of us until he seemed utterly alone in space, he said: "Dear and wonderful Lord, my Lord, I know what happened when Tom Bridges died. You met him, and you took him in your arms and blessed him; and there came a protest from someone or something not far off—'his sins, his sins, his sins'; and you, furious, turned, with 'to Hell with his sins,' like a living flame from your heart. And Tom Bridges went to his knees at your feet, sobbing,—for he had not known, O God, he had not known,—you; and now your kindness; he could not endure your kindness. But you, hearing only that drum in the Square of Mons, wrapped him in the folds of Paradise—the soldier's Paradise—where comrades greeted him with cheers and laughter!"

It was almost too much for one or two of us. The Ancient's imagination, linked perhaps with some former experience of his own, had moved him deeply, and had carried him—or so it seemed to us—within measurable distance of the truth. Yet the Recorder felt obliged to utter a warning. "So far as I am aware," he said, " 'Tom Bridges', as he was popularly known in the British Army, is still alive, and has become a very important and prominent person in the service of the Empire."

"Thank you for telling me," the Ancient answered. "I hope you are right, partly because we need such men in our midst to-day,—more so than ever perhaps; but partly also for the chance you give me to bring out the deeper truths involved. First, that time in that world is very different from time as we know it here. Paradise necessarily contains the Past and the Future in what seems like an eternal Now. If I anticipated by ten or twenty years, it makes no difference: what will be, *was*. In terms of earth-time, many a man, in deep sleep, has been lifted, or indrawn (whichever you prefer), by the Master-soul who loves him, and has walked in 'the land of the leal' for a moment which *there* seemed like an eternity,—to recall no more, perhaps, on waking, than a sense of immortal youth, or of a joy transcending words. Second, what is 'death'? It is the abandonment of the body, and although, as a rule, it is a painful and distressing process, that is because we struggle against it. There were thousands of men, during the Great War, who, in

one supreme moment of *living*, abandoned their bodies, and thus, in the true sense, experienced 'death' as it should be experienced: not as an agony, but as a triumph,—and who are still alive. They had dropped all concern for, all attachment to, both the body and their personal interests. Have you forgotten the words of Claudel, the poet, quoted at the Convention of 1927? 'And then, at last, there where his spent body bends and where his will hesitates and ebbs,—he sinks his ship beneath him, and passes onward, on the wings of passion and desire.' Something greater than his own will carries him, and he becomes, spiritually, as a child in the arms of his Father, though perhaps behaving in this world like a lion at bay. . . . We need above all things to free ourselves from a mechanical view of time and space and causality. So, I repeat,—I know what happened when Tom Bridges died,—and someday, he will know too.

"What he did during the retreat through Mons has often struck me as the English equivalent of '*Debout les morts!*' Curious, how national psychology differs, and therefore how necessarily different are the ways of heroism. General Ludlow, sitting on the parapet of the trenches under fire at Santiago, reading *Light on the Path* aloud to encourage his men, is another illustration of the same thing: totally different, but exactly the same in spirit.

"It seems to come to this,—as conclusion to all we have been saying: we are the children of our Master, whoever that Master may be,—Christ or another, and whether known to us personally or not. Out of the Darkness of life he called us, that we, though still in darkness, might witness to his ight. It is a light, not only of mind to illumine darkened minds; not only of hope, pointing from despair to worship: it is the light of a most human and most loving and most valiant heart,—the heart of a father in the heart of a King. And of a King long forsaken; of a King who has turned his back on Paradise that he may stand between his people and their doom; who, unseen, unrecognized, unthanked, forgotten, spends himself like water that the world may yet be saved; who answers everywhere the cry of a soul for pity, the cry of a soul for help,—but who, giving, for ever giving, must find in that his sole reward, since blindness cannot see, and each man's uttermost attention is riveted on himself and his little sorrows, on himself and his little needs. Surely it is for us to remember and never to forget; for we have been called—not because of our merits, but as proof that he, in this world, is well-nigh destitute. One of the Kings of Heaven, here he is less than a ghost. Should this not give us zeal, passionate desire, one-pointed determination to work unfalteringly that he and his equal brethren may be known and loved and obeyed? First, in the nature of things, we must *fit* ourselves to work. Merely to talk about the light, without possessing it, brings it to scorn, and the name of Masters to scorn. Tragically often that has been done, and not always with good intention; for if our motive be to listen to our own flow of wisdom, the motive is not good. Yet to be fit to work, does not mean to be perfect. It means knowledge of our own limitations, both intellectual and moral; it means deep and sincere conviction, of the will even more than of the head,—the honest

conviction which can come from one source only,—a genuine and constant effort to obey the best and highest we can see. If we do that, always thinking of it, and always trying, for *their* sakes, to see more truly and more nobly, *they* will supply the rest. We shall help without thinking we are helpful, and may hope that, in time, by our forgetfulness of self, by our sense of oneness with our fellows, and by our love of the Masters' spirit and purpose, the light of the Lodge, even in this world, will find place in which to shine."

T.

POSTSCRIPT:

A valued English member of The Theosophical Society is good enough to write us: ". . . the statement in the Screen of Time [THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, July, 1928; pages 39, 40] about the failure of our Broadcasting Corporation to transmit the speeches at the celebration at Ostend of the tenth anniversary of the British attack on Ostend and Zeebrugge. It is true that we did not broadcast the speeches on that occasion, but the reason given by a Belgian newspaper, and quoted in the Screen [the Engineer informs us that his quotation was taken from a "Special Cable" to *The New York Times* from Brussels, dated June 3rd], was not the correct one. I have my facts direct, and I can only ask you to believe my statement that the reason was quite different." The Recorder is most grateful to our correspondent, as it is the foremost wish of the QUARTERLY to state only the facts at all times. It is regrettable, in this case, that we are not in a position to give the facts, except in the form of a negative.

T.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

February 23rd, 1907.

DEAR ———

I go back many times to the pleasure of our visit to ———— last year and of meeting so many of the members there. I do not want the acquaintance which was then so pleasantly begun, to sink into forgetfulness, and as it is not likely that we shall meet soon again, you must pardon me if I write to you occasionally.

What we all need is greater earnestness. We do not maintain a sufficiently sustained attitude. We have periods of exhilaration, almost of exaltation, and then we drop back into our low daily level until something happens to raise us up again. We need more steadiness, more poise.

There are several things we can do to achieve this end. Of course there is always meditation. We still have no idea of the power of meditation. Indeed one of the Masters has told us that, in so many words. But I think the most fruitful way to attack the problem is by endeavouring to raise the level of our daily average. It is this daily average that really determines our spiritual condition and our progress, not our higher moments of exaltation.

Now the best way I know to raise our daily average is by adopting little practices, making little habits, which will give tangible expression to our devotion and our earnestness. Suppose we have a habit of lounging in our chairs. Let us determine that we shall sit up straight. Or suppose we cross our knees. Let us determine that hereafter we shall not cross our knees. Suppose we are usually cross or short-tempered at breakfast-time. Let us determine that we shall make a special effort to be sweet-tempered then. There are hundreds of things like this which we can take up, one by one, and do in a spirit of devotion, with very marvellous effects; for, while the thing itself is small and of no particular importance, the fact that it makes us think every few minutes of our aim in doing the thing, is of very great importance.

Such little observances as these help us enormously in much bigger ways, for we rarely sin deliberately; and if we had our attention directed to higher things at the time of temptation, as it might be if we were trying to keep one or more of these little observances, then the chances are that we should decide rightly in the important matter.

Anyhow it is the first step toward continuous meditation, and is immensely valuable from this standpoint. It keeps alive that spirit of earnestness and devotion which makes it easy to do and be good.

Please remember me to all my friends in ————, and with best wishes to yourself, I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

March 17th, 1907.

Dear ———

I have been following your work in ———— with great interest and pleasure. You seem to have a nice lot of people there with some sort of vigour and go and push to them. . . . It will require a great deal of tact to keep all your members straight on fundamental principles. . . . We must remember that loyalty to Judge and the principles which he represented and suffered for, is a nearer duty than any vague idea of the desirability of a union of the several Societies. . . . However, I may be trying to cross a bridge before we come to it,—always an unwise thing to do.

In the meantime the whole Movement gets more and more interesting. I do not believe we appreciate and understand a tithe of the work. We fail to see many of the most important ramifications of our influence. We can see the effects which our work has had on literature and art and science and even the drama; but the deeper mainsprings of human action have been influenced in even a more marked manner, and it is here that our vision fails. For instance, I am convinced that much of the religious revival, which one sees all over the world, is directly traceable to the work of our Movement. I even believe that such a thing as the separation of the Church and State in France was made possible by the work of H. P. B. and her followers. We opened up, and keep open, centres of force in the world which the members of the Lodge can use; sometimes, perhaps most often, unconsciously to ourselves. They have the means to do things now which were impossible forty years ago, because of the lack of a basis, a "upadhi," in the world, through which they could work.

There are whole realms of activity like this, with which we are entirely unfamiliar, but which none the less are real and vital, and where wonders can be accomplished. It is a very big thought, full of possibilities, but not one that we want to speak from the housetops, for there are but few that could understand, and we should do more harm than good.

There is Socialism. It is a blind and mistaken expression of this new spirit, and will do incalculable harm if it should happen to get the upper hand. That is the trouble with great spiritual movements. There must always be an expression of their dark side, which does much of its work and derives much of its power and influence, from the real spiritual force, of which it is the travesty. I suppose it is for some such reason that the Lodge is so strictly limited in its power for good. It cannot inaugurate reforms, or bring about changes, until the world as a whole is able to oppose and conquer the opposite forces which are liberated at the same time.

But we can continue to make ourselves fit instruments for such work; we can so purify ourselves that the Lodge can use us whether we know it or not; and that, I think, is now one of our most important duties. Each hour of the day we should have the conscious thought in our minds: Am I acting so that the Masters can pour force through me, and so benefit the world in which I live? Am I in all things making myself a fit receptacle for their power and

influence? Such a thought will keep us from many an unworthy action, from much that is ignoble.

With all these great interests to occupy us, how silly it is to spend our time and energy discussing whether we shall have one kind of a by-law or another. What earthly or heavenly difference does it make, provided our name or our by-laws enable us to do our work?

What does matter and what is really interesting is that there is this power abroad in the world, stirring things up, making them fluidic, ready for change. And it is for us, and for others who have our high ideals, to see that the change, when it does come, is what we would wish it to be.

With kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

April 3rd, 1913.

DEAR ———

* * * * * * * *

Your mind does not need sharpening. We do not progress through our minds or understanding. We progress through carrying into effect, in detail in our lives, the teaching given us. We *always* know enough. You know far more than you put into practice.

Any reading can be spiritual reading, if we do it right. Even the newspapers may be read for knowledge and ammunition for the Masters' work. You should try to do any reading in this spirit. Do not read merely for distraction. Many people use reading as others use drink, to forget themselves and what they call their troubles for a while.

Remember that our distance from the Master is measured by our unlikeness to him; our closeness by our likeness. If you wish to reach him, be like him.

Do you think he ever has envious or unkind or critical thoughts? When you have them take them to him, say: "Master, ———— has hurt my feelings. I hate her": tell him just how you really feel. I think after one or two trials, you will be so ashamed of your feelings that you will not have them. . . . It has been said that one way of conquering suspicious, jealous, envious thoughts, is to try to realize that we actually are all the things that we suspect people of thinking us to be, and that we are much worse in ways they do not imagine.

If we feel that we have been left out of something because we are not worthy, face that fact, and try to realize that it is true that we are not worthy, and that it is only by the Grace of God that we are ever allowed to go anywhere or to do anything,—not because we are fit. Cultivate humility. Nothing in life is prosaic. The meanest and simplest duty may be made glorious if we do it to and for the Master.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

REVIEWS

The Migration of Symbols, by Donald A. Mackenzie; Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co. Ltd., London; Alfred A. Knopf, New York; price, $4.00.

This volume belongs to a series, now in course of publication, on the "History of Civilization," edited by C. K. Ogden. It is a result of scholarly research into the universality of certain symbols, and their relation to beliefs and customs. The subject is of special interest to students of Theosophy, and they will find the facts in this book of real value. The frequent illustrations, and the detailed index, increase its utility as a work of reference. The author shows that ancient art is rooted in religious belief; the same designs are repeated in many different parts of the world, which seems to prove that they have a fundamental meaning. He suggests alternative theories to account for this; either the "diffusion theory", which presupposes that there is intercommunication, in ideas and art, among the different nations, or the theory of the "independent origin" of similar ideas in different parts of the world. A simpler explanation is the theosophic teaching of the existence of the Lodge of Masters as the common source of all religion.

It is a pity that the author's philosophy is not more profound, and that it fails to penetrate beneath the surface aspect of the different symbols. The truth is, of course, that without the teaching given out in *The Secret Doctrine* it is impossible to appreciate the fundamental significance of symbolism, or to have even a preliminary understanding of the magnitude of the subject. To those, however, who have studied that teaching. *The Migration of Symbols* may be of considerable service to further their investigation of this fascinating subject.

S. C.

To Be Near Unto God, by Abraham Kuyper, D.D. L.L.D., Former Prime Minister of the Netherlands. Translated from the Dutch by John Hendrik De Vries, D.D.; The Macmillan Company, New York, 1925; price, $3.00.

His Decease at Jerusalem, by Abraham Kuyper; Translated by John Hendrik De Vries, D.D.; Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1928; price, $2.00.

Dr. Abraham Kuyper was an extraordinary man. Born in 1837 in Maassluis, Netherlands, he died in 1920 after a life of astonishing accomplishment in an unusual variety of fields. Taken for a dull boy at school, he graduated from Leyden University with highest honours, and obtained his Doctorate in Sacred Theology before he was twenty-six. Entering immediately upon an active ministry, he added to his duties the editorship of *The Standard*, a daily paper, representing the "Christian contingent of the Dutch nation" in politics. For twenty years he was a leading figure in the religious, scientific, and political life of his country, publishing numerous books, and writing daily for his two papers. In 1898 he gave the "Stone Lectures" at Princeton Theological Seminary. In 1901 he was called by Queen Wilhelmina to be Prime Minister, which position he held till 1905.

The two volumes of Meditations, here reviewed, bear witness to the intellectual fecundity of their author, since they appeared from week to week in his papers, and are refreshing because of their simple, Protestant tone. Many, therefore, who do not care for the Roman Catholic manuals, may find the restraint, solid thought, reserved yet tender feeling, and flashes of mystical insight in these, more to their taste. The first volume offers one hundred and ten

Meditations on the single thought from Psalm 73: "As for me, it is good to be near unto God" On page 354, Dr. Kuyper writes: "The fellowship of being near unto God must become reality, in the full and vigorous prosecution of our life. It must permeate and give colour to our feeling, our perceptions, our sensations, our thinking, our imagining, our willing, our acting, our speaking. It must not stand as a foreign factor in our life, but it must be the passion that breathes throughout our whole existence." This expresses the theme and effort underlying the entire series.

The second volume offers fifty Meditations on the Passion of Christ, quite different from anything of the kind the present writer has ever read. Some, like the fourth on the betrayal of Judas, are full of tense, passionate feeling, and move both heart and will. All have originality of thought, and slowly, simply, but with gathering force, bear their message home to the reader, constantly appealing to his own daily experience, and helping him to connect that with the sufferings of the Master Christ.

One is glad to express indebtedness to the Translator for making these Meditations available to English readers, only regretting that both volumes, especially the second, are marred by many ungrammatical sentences, unidiomatic locutions, and such careless workmanship as sometimes actually to puzzle the reader.

A. G.

Life In The Stars, by Sir Francis Younghusband; John Murray, London; price 10s. 6d.

Sir Francis Younghusband will be remembered by readers of the QUARTERLY not only as the author of several delightful books, but distinguished, among other things, as chief of the British Mission to Lhassa in 1903, and also as one of the moving spirits in organizing the recent attempts to climb Mount Everest. This most recent book of his makes its appeal because of a kind of wide and clear simplicity, wide and clear like the starry heavens which inspired it. In contemplating the vastness of an ordered universe, it is not what Sir Francis Younghusband *tells* us which is so stirring, it is what he makes *us feel;* the mighty swing of the planets around their blazing, central suns; the silent, onward sweeping of whole solar systems through the unfathomable profundities of space; the evolution, dissolution and "re-evolution of stars"; life in unimaginable forms, calling from deep to deep—and all of this a "*living* Whole", "held together and directed by Eternal Spirit", every smallest part manifesting "the indwelling character of the Whole". Throughout his life the heavens at night have drawn the author irresistibly, and, wanderer that he has been, we picture him, as a very young man, alone in the heart of the Gobi Desert, or on a high, wind-swept spur of the Himalayas, gazing into the Infinitude,

> "As wondering men have always done
> Since beauty and the stars were one,"

—and he is not ashamed to have us know that he worships as he gazes.

It would be impossible, in so short a review, to do justice to his idea of a Hierarchy of Being, or to the suggested *esprit de corps* which, with his military habits of thought, he applies to this Hierarchy. His reasoning is speculative; he argues by analogy, translating to "higher levels" the ordinary conditions of life on our earth. We meet with "higher beings" of "exalted sensibilities" on "some of the stars", and, at the top of the spiritual ascent, we find a "World Leader", a "Genius of the Whole". There is interplanetary communication and interaction—vast currents of beneficent influences flashing through the immensities of Space, by which the "higher beings" assist the progress of those who, like ourselves, are still on lower levels. So life is seen to be not an aggregate but a Whole, with consciousness in every smallest part of the universe. Though the student of Theosophy may not be a complete convert to every detail of this cosmic philosophy, especially in its later applications, found at the very end of the book, he will at least feel it very reassuring that, in a self-seeking and materialistic age, a book of this nature, stressing the unity of all life and effort, should be written.

T. D.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 339 (Continued from July, 1928).—*In what various ways can a new member of the T. S. qualify for "active membership?" That is a term I have noticed in the Convention Reports, and it appeals to me for I do not wish to be a drone in the Society.*

ANSWER.—In order to "qualify for 'active membership' " in the T. S., it is necessary to have some understanding of the principles and objects of the Society. These must be grasped first by the mind, through reading and study of our literature; then, by pondering and meditating upon them, they must be made a part of our being,—to be lived in our daily lives, through our thoughts and actions. Marshal Foch, in his *Principles of War*, insists upon the necessity of keeping the objective in mind. What is our objective? This was answered in Mr. Griscom's first Elementary Article—"The Purpose of Life"—in the QUARTERLY for April, 1914. This purpose he states to be: "That each human soul shall be reunited to the Central Spiritual Unity, *with full self-consciousness, and self-realization.*" He then goes on to point out that "this reunion can be accomplished only by the giving up of self,—by the voluntary surrender of our free-will to the Higher Self," and that this gift of free-will was "necessary to enable the soul to realize itself,—to become self-conscious."

Surely, if one could accomplish this through the development of positive will, one would be enabled to qualify for "active membership." M.

ANSWER.—A member is "active" to the extent to which he does all that he can to co-operate in carrying out the purpose of the Society. The T. S. differs from other organizations, in that it is an instrument of the Theosophical Movement, which exists and works on all planes. A bed-ridden cripple, unable to move hand or foot, may be a most active and helpful member if he love and devote his heart to that for which the Society works. It has been said that the purpose of the Society is to keep alive the spiritual intuitions of mankind,—and those over which we have the most control are our own. We nourish them by meditating on them, attending to them, and above all, by living them: to do this is to work most effectively for the Society.

Having realized that Theosophy is the truth of his own soul, the meaning and purpose of his life, the road to happiness, he rightly longs to share this great discovery with those he loves. If he make the mistake, as most beginners will, of trying to do this by talking about it, bitter disappointment awaits him. The result is always the same—the antagonizing of friends who might otherwise have been drawn to the Movement at some later time. The only way to arouse interest in the great truths of Theosophy is to let its light shine through one's deeds, transforming them and him. Then others will long to acquire something that they see he has —and when they ask about it, is the time to speak. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—The questioner would have been more likely to derive help from answers to his question, if he had given specific references (date, page, line) to the use of the expression, "active membership." If used by an older student, mere surface activity could not have been meant, but, primarily, an ever-deepening co-operation with the spirit of the Society. This can be achieved only by inner development, brought about in ways frequently outlined in our literature under the general head of preparation for discipleship. The questioner should read *Letters that Have Helped Me*, vol. I (the last section deals with the subject directly);

Fragments, vol. I, especially pages 73-81; 90-98; articles on Chêlaship in *Five Years of Theosophy;* and many articles in back numbers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, Mr. Griscom's "Letters to Students" among them. X. Y.

QUESTION No. 340.—*What should one do with wrong moods? We are told to pray and to meditate, but if one be in a mood that seems like a stonewall of resistance, must one not wait for it to pass?*

ANSWER.—All moods yield to right action. They are psychic unrealities, caused by thinking about oneself. Act as if the mood did not exist—which one can always force oneself to do—and it will disappear. Most moods are negative, and hence will yield to so simple a remedy as brisk physical movement, a quick walk, for instance. It would be interesting to see whether any mood would persist were it faced by a definite resolution which imposed and inflicted severe penance in case it had not disappeared by a given time. The difficulty is that in a part of ourselves we enjoy even those moods which appear to make us most gloomy and miserable. Lower nature will indignantly deny this enjoyment, but its reluctance to permit such simple action as would cure the mood, proves its wish to continue it.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—What is gained by deferring prayer until one is in the mood to pray? A great servant of God once wrote to a struggling friend, "Remember that what the Master desires is your will, not your feelings." When one is so dominated by a mood, joyous or depressed, that it has for the time being walled him in,—what a splendid opportunity he has, by piercing that wall, to offer the gift of a resolute and loyal will. E.

ANSWER.—St. François de Sales remarked that we should treat certain moods with indifference, "as if they were dogs barking in the distance." Perhaps that advice does not seem to apply when the dogs are barking close at hand. But let us imagine an occasion when we are suffering from a particular mood. Someone offends us and we brood over our wrongs. Then suddenly something happens,—a thunder-storm or a headache or a fire across the street. When we have recovered our psychic senses after this physical interlude, we shall be surprised and perhaps irritated to find that the mood has disappeared. As a matter of fact the barking dog was always in the distance and only fancy made it seem near. It is certain that we can, by imagination and will, produce the same diversion that the thunder-storm provided. At any rate we can continue to try, and even if we continue to fail, our merit will be greater than if we wait for time to do our work for us. S. L.

ANSWER.—Surely the mood which seems like a stonewall of resistance is a call to action, to start doing something about it. When the student finds himself immersed in a mood which he discovers to be wrong, then, if he be true to his best Self, he has got to fight his hardest. True, his mood may be the culmination of inattention to obvious duties, and the personal self and its indulgence may thus have lured him into such laziness that the call to action seems an unendurable burden. In that case it might be wise to invoke ambition, pride or the desire not to be beaten, and through one of them to dominate the mood—thus making the enemy act as servant of the Self which declines to be the slave of a mood. A. K.

NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society will be held throughout the winter at 64 Washington Mews, (between Washington Square and East 8th Street), on alternate Saturday evenings, beginning at half past eight and closing at ten o'clock. Branch members will receive printed notices, giving the dates. This notice will also be mailed to non-members who send their names to the Secretary T. S. Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York, and visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

STANDARD BOOKS

Blavatsky, H. P.	Isis Unveiled, Vols. I and II	cloth, $10.00
	Key to Theosophy	cloth, 3.50
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	Complete in one book, without subject-index volume	7.50
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Philosophical: Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine; Isis Unveiled; Key to Theosophy; Plotinus; Reincarnation; The Secret Doctrine; Talks on Religion; Theosophical Glossary; Transactions; Patanjali's Yoga Sutras.

Introductory: Culture of Concentration; Echoes from the Orient; Esoteric Buddhism; Idyll of the White Lotus; Meditation; The Occult World; The Ocean of Theosophy; The Theosophical Society and Theosophy.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.